VIRGIN AUCTION IN OLD COLORADO

PDC

SIR!

35¢

AUG.

EXTRA BOOK BONUS

the GAY GIRLS who tripped HITLER'S Ace SPYMASTER

I SAW PARIS "WHEN"

THE AMAZING LOOT OF LIMA HOAX

VISIT…

"You don't need a college diploma but you do need plenty of common sense and . . .

You've got to like people"

I guess I've given this same answer to thousands of men and women in the last 40 years. The question itself is worded in different ways . . . but it always has to do with whether an average person can learn my kind of professional work. They are interested because they want to do it as a new full-time occupation . . . or as a dignified spare-time way of making extra money . . . or (because my work is so fascinating) they want to learn it for self-development and for use as a hobby. No matter what your reason for accepting this that I offer you in the story below, your own life will become fuller and each new day will bring you the satisfactions and excitement of new adventure.

By M. N. Bunker

DO PEOPLE interest you? Does knowing what makes people tick intrigue you? Would you call yourself a student of human nature?

I am lucky enough to say this has been my life's work—the study of people, their likes and dislikes, their strengths and their weaknesses. If I had my life to live over again I'd get back into the same field. And if I couldn't do it for pay I'd do it as a hobby. That's how much I like the work I have done all my life.

I'm semi-retired now and look back with complete satisfaction. My life is full and I have made and saved more money than I shall ever need. But of far greater importance to me—I have shown many men and women an interesting way of helping themselves by helping others.

Is it Magic?

This occupation which I have followed all my life uses a practical science that, many people think, works like magic. True, it may work like magic but this is the kind of miracle that has its feet firmly on the ground—solid as a rock—based on sound logic and proved fact.

If you are mentally mature and if you are intelligent enough to be open minded (which is probably so or you would not have read this far into my message) I want to show you how you can turn your ability into cash . . . how you can achieve emotional well-being and a positive approach to living.

I don't have space here to tell you the whole story of my unique profession-business. And, in any case, I would like first to give you, without charge, a "free sample" of the science of grapho analysis.

Grapho analysis is the fast growing technique of reading character and personality traits from ordinary handwriting. Please note that this is *not* graphology and has nothing to do with fortune-telling.

Please be a Doubting Thomas

I hope you are now shaking your head and saying to yourself, "Sounds interesting, but just what can this ability to analyze handwriting do for me?" I want you to be a Doubting Thomas because thinking people do best with grapho analysis.

Basically, this advanced method of getting significant meaning out of ordinary handwriting is a psychological tool. You can use it to understand people—your loved ones, your employees, your customers, your bosses. With this knowledge of grapho analysis you know how to handle people. You become a practical psychologist. Also, a study of your own handwriting will reveal many things about your own strengths and weaknesses that you never before understood very well, if at all.

This knowledge and ability makes you feel different about yourself. You'll feel an inner strength, an inner self-esteem to accompany your new-found understanding. You'll enjoy life more . . . your pleasant positive attitude will bring you confidence and success.

Remember, these inner personal benefits are something you get *in addition* to the money-making opportunities you have in grapho analysis. Many of our members start earning lecture fees (as much as $50.00 an hour) even before they are through with their training. There is a demand for good grapho analysts to talk before luncheon clubs, civic, fraternal and church groups, conventions, and on radio and television.

Other members make good steady earnings teaching neighborhood study classes, doing counseling and solving family and marital problems. Yes, grapho analysis offers any intelligent person an exciting new career, one in which you help people and earn good money doing it.

Send for FREE X-Ray View of Your Personality

Let me send you, without any charge, an analysis of your own handwriting. I want to send you this personal study *absolutely free* to acquaint you with this fascinating science of character analysis through handwriting.

Also, without any obligation on your part I will send you a copy of the Grapho Analyst Digest. You'll find in this big illustrated booklet many factual stories about men and women who have studied grapho analysis . . . and the unusually fine things that have happened to them since they learned how to analyze handwriting.

And that's not all. Also free, I want to send you a sample lesson in grapho analysis. You'll learn interesting handwriting rules you can use immediately. Rules that may save you from costly errors, both personal and business . . . rules that will help you *really* know people.

Absolutely No Charge for Any of This

Remember, this is all free. I want you to have it with no strings attached. Just handwrite your name and address in the coupon below. And address your envelope to me also in your own regular handwriting. This will give me enough of your handwriting to have your free analysis worked up. That's all there is to it . . . just fill in the coupon below and mail it to me today. There is absolutely *no charge* or obligation of any kind.

M. N. BUNKER, International Headquarters

Department HN-141 **Springfield 4, Missouri, U. S. A.**

M. N. Bunker, International Headquarters
Dept. HN-141 Springfield 4, Missouri, U. S. A.

Please send me the free analysis of my handwriting together with a free copy of the Grapho Analyst Digest and a free sample lesson in grapho analysis. There is no obligation on my part and no charge now or ever.

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____

Please *handwrite* in coupon but *print* your name clearly below in margin

STARTING TO GET BALD?

take hope

for new hair with the Brandenfels Home System!

Like you...and you...and you, these people were losing their hair, or were actually bald. Look at them now! They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart-warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then *"rests"* before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.

MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebacious gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME... 1 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have (1) excessively falling hair, (2) ugly dandruff, (3) a rapidly receding hair line, or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

YOU OWE THIS TO YOURSELF

You owe it also to your family and to your business acquaintances to give the Brandenfels HOME PLAN a thorough trial. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

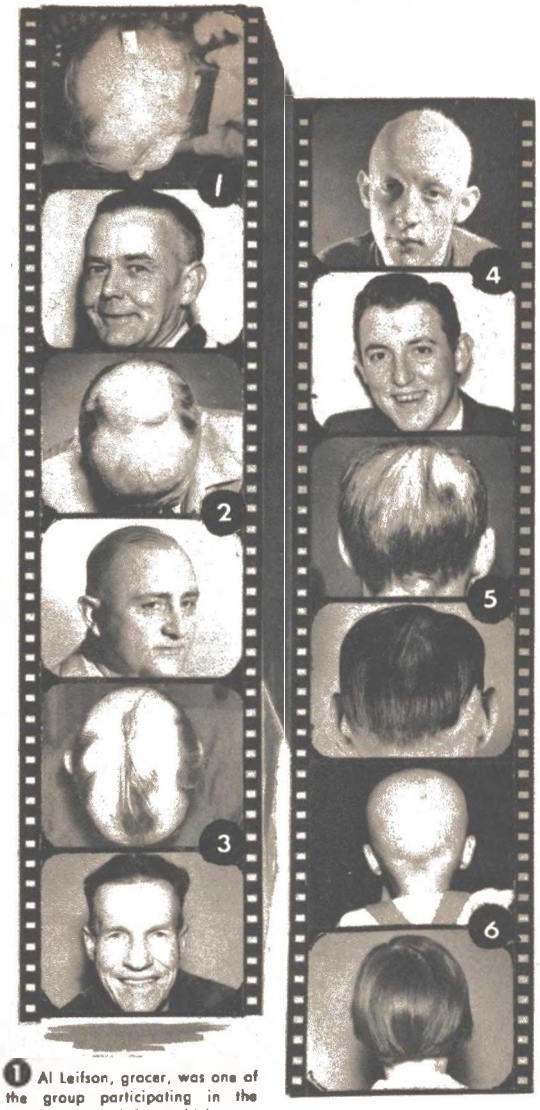
Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

From more than 20,000 letters (CPA audit) *attesting to the benefits from the Brandenfels System* you can take heart and confidence for your own case. If you, or anyone in your family are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with full directions and complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use and how to follow the special massage method.

ORDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add $2 (total $20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon, U.S.A.

Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!



1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after", shown at the left.

2 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

3 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System —as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

HERE'S MORE EVIDENCE FOR HOPE

Letters, testimonials and scalp pictures (unretouched) are bonafide. All are reproduced by permission.

Competent doctors and clinicians conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth with the Brandenfels HOME PLAN in varying degrees in a reasonable proportion of cases.

In addition, licensed CPA's have certified over 23,000 letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, less excessive hair fall, relief from dandruff scale, other improved scalp conditions.

Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission given.

References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon

Mail this coupon before you misplace it.

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

SIR81

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- ☐ Excessively Falling Hair
- ☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
- ☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
- ☐ Alopecia

AUTO ACCIDENTS KILL 113 PEOPLE —

If you're a SAFE DRIVER-

Here are just a few of the liberal benefit provisions of "SAFE DRIVERS" Accident and Hospital Insurance!

PAYS $100.00

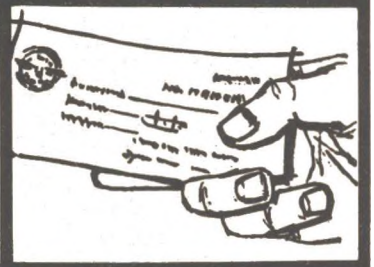
The policy pays $100.00 A MONTH beginning the very first day you are injured . . . even for life. If you have an accident while riding or driving any automobile, truck or bus and are immediately and totally disabled and confined at home or in a hospital under medical care.

PAYS $300.00

The policy pays up to $300.00 for hospital expenses in any hospital in the United States or Canada—$6.00 per day from the very first day of hospitalization for a total of 50 full days—up to $300.00. This payment provision is in addition to the regular $100.00 monthly income outlined above.

PAYS $1000.00

The policy pays $1000.00 to your beneficiary in case of accidental loss of life while driving or riding in any automobile, truck or bus, if death occurs within 60 days of the date of the accident.



PLUS

This policy pays in addition to any other insurance coverage you may have. It is NON-CANCELLABLE and guaranteed renewable to age 75 no matter how many claims you may receive under its provisions.

Fill Out and Mail this Application TODAY!

A serious accident—caused by a careless driver—may be days, hours, even minutes away! Don't face the often-ruinous results of a serious accident alone. Let National Protective stand by your side to help pay for the huge costs of hospital confinement and disability. If you're a safe driver, you can qualify for this great, low-cost protection. It costs but pennies a day; yet it can buy you invaluable peace of mind. Mail the application now.

NP2358

NATIONAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE CO.

American Automobile Owners Safety Division

Hammond, Indiana

INJURE 3648 PEOPLE EVERY DAY!

Protect yourself against the carelessness of irresponsible drivers with trustworthy, dependable Accident and Hospital Insurance for only—

$5

for the first full year's coverage!

Death and destruction continue to increase on the American road. Newspapers, radio, television are full of it every day. Perhaps you have actually seen some of these tragic accidents in the course of your own daily driving.

90% of All Auto Accidents Caused by Careless Drivers!

It's a fact! Careless drivers cause most killing and injuring accidents. They, more than anything else, are responsible for high insurance rates. By eliminating careless drivers . . . by being selective—National Protective Life Insurance Company can offer SAFE DRIVERS Accident and Hospital Insurance at low, low rates!

Only $5 Buys Dependable Coverage for One Full Year!

Protect yourself against the carelessness and irresponsibility of other drivers. Mail the application below for 12 full months of dependable coverage against the costly results of an automobile accident you did not cause! Your policy will be mailed to you immediately upon approval of your application. When it arrives, examine it for 10 days. If you don't agree that you have America's finest, least expensive SAFE DRIVERS coverage, return the policy for a full refund. Every day, every hour, every minute is precious—mail application below today!

SAFE DRIVER Decal Given FREE!

As soon as you are approved for this great insurance—with your policy—we mail you a handsome, full-color "Gold Star" Award decal for your auto windshield. Display it proudly for friends and neighbors to see. Help us promote safe driving.

APPLICATION FOR

AUTOMOBILE OWNER'S ACCIDENT AND HOSPITAL POLICY

$100.00 A MONTH INCOME FOR LIFE Dept. 602

To: American Automobile Owner's Safety Division of

NATIONAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hammond, Indiana

I am enclosing **$5.00** in payment of ONE FULL YEAR'S PREMIUM for Automobile Owner's Accident and Hospital Policy. I have not had an automobile accident in 12 months.

FULL NAME_____ (Please Print) OCCUPATION_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____ CITY_____ STATE_____

NAME OF BENEFICIARY_____ RELATIONSHIP_____

WRITE YOUR NAME HERE_____

I understand if I am not satisfied with this Policy upon receipt, I will return it and my $5.00 will be promptly refunded without any question. Make all checks or money orders payable to — NATIONAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This Policy Is Non-Cancellable and Guaranteed Renewable Until Age 75

Policy Form 5-015

MEN AND WOMEN • AGES 18 TO 75 • NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

NAA-1

SIR!

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

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NOW!! A FISH LURE THAT SWIMS BY ITS OWN POWER!

Propelled by its own power — even on a slack line! It swims — dives — climbs — flops on its side like a crippled minnow — all on its own power, and all the time **BUZZING AWAY like a big, plump lazy insect!**

No wonder it drives fish mad with desire! No wonder it has the big ones churning the water to get their mouths into it — even from yards away! No wonder it lets you pull in panfish, game fish, salt water fish by the bucket-full — in **all kinds of weather, all hours of the day — even when ordinary lures aren't getting a single bite!**

Prove it yourself! Try it for one full month entirely at our risk! Pull in catch after catch that make your friend's eyes pop open in astonishment — OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY! Here's how:

SWIMS LIKE A CRIPPLED MINNOW BUZZES LIKE A DYING BEE! GETS SAVAGE BITES THAT CAN'T PULL LOOSE FROM YOUR LINE!

Yes! Just picture this revolutionary, completely-patented, SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE to yourself! Imagine a water-resistant, weather-resistant, wear-resistant plastic lure — slashing through the water in brilliant reds and whites and yellows — measuring only 2 inches by ¾ inches — and **yet carrying enough fuel inside it to cut through the water for as much as one full hour from a single load! Plunging down to fifteen foot depths — rising to the surface almost once every minute — plowing through that water, tirelessly, pulling in the big ones from hundreds of yards around you!**

Think of it! To fuel up this amazing, live-action lure, all you do is this! Simply snap open the fuel chamber — pour in the absolutely harmless fuel — and close the fuel chamber again! It takes less than 60 seconds! You don't even dirty your hands! But then — simply cast or lower that power-packed lure into fresh or salt water — **and get set for the fishing thrill of your life!**

For perhaps one minute, that lure will float quietly on the surface of the water! But then the water will reach the fuel charge inside — the lure will seem to shudder for a second — and then it will spring dramatically to "life!"

The air around it will be filled with the buzzing sound of a dying bee! Instantly, the nose of the lure will point downward, and it will begin its first descent! Slowly, jerkily, like a maimed minnow, it will swim noisily downward — buzzing and humming — traveling about nine feet every fifteen seconds! If no fish intercepts it, on this first exploration downward, it will then automatically stop its descent — slowly raise up its nose — and begin its irresistible climb to the surface again!

And again! And again! Tirelessly — hour after hour — lengthening out the reach of your own casts! Roaming restlessly over every foot of water beneath you — even on a slack line — even when your boat is tied up — even when you're curled up on the dock, sound asleep!

And driving the fish around you to such a frenzy with its swimming and its buzzing that they practically tear the rod out of your hands — they're so anxious to get their mouths into the hook!

PROVE IT YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

No wonder this revolutionary SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE took six full years to develop! Already granted United States Government Patent #2,932,916, **here's what this amazing Live-Action Fish Lure will do for YOU** — from the very first moment you try it entirely at our risk!

First of all, this Self-Propelled Fish Lure frees you forever from the filthy tasks of digging for worms and crawlers, catching frogs, or paying 50c to $1 for a bucket of minnows that die on you before you can even get them in the boat! It **frees you forever** from paying $3, $4 or even $5 for a fancy, "Dead-as-a-Duck" lure — that only works when you two it — that you could never even dream of actually swimming under its own power behind you!

Yes! It means that tomorrow — for the first time in your life — you can go out in fresh water or salt water — lakes, streams, rivers or oceans — **and haul in the eye-poppers with a lure that actually drives those fish into a frenzy with its crippled minnow action and its dying bee sound!** It means that you weigh down your boat with big-mouthed bass, small-mouthed bass, pike, pickerel, perch, walleyes, dogfish, catfish, trout and dozens of other panfish, gamefish, salt-water fish — **wherever you can drop a line!**

It means that you can fish better — novice or pro — sound asleep at the bottom of your boat — than most fisherman sweating and casting till their arms ache with ordinary, "Dead-as-a-Duck" lures!

And it means that you'll have the time of your life — not only amazing your friends and family with the hauls you drag home behind you — but just watching your fisherman friends faces, the first time they see this incredible SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE of yours in action! Their eyes will almost pop out in their heads!

You have nothing to lose! You try it for one full month entirely at our risk! Its cost is only $2.98 complete with enough fuel to last up to a full year, full instructions, and a waterproof carrying case that you hang from your belt! It comes in four dazzling colors — your choice of all red — red and yellow — yellow and white — or all yellow! **Order all four for only $8.98 — and get five times as much fuel!**

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

G. & K. SALES CO., Dept.SR-8, 31 W. 47th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Yes! I want to try your revolutionary new SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE, entirely at your risk! I am enclosing only the low introductory price checked below! I understand that I may try this amazing Fish Lure for one full month without risking a penny! If I am not amazed and delighted — I may simply return it to you at the end of that time for every cent of my purchase price back!

☐ **SINGLE SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURE, with one year supply of fuel — ONLY $2.98.**

☐ **TWO SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURES, with two years supply of fuel — ONLY $5.50.**

☐ **FOUR SELF-PROPELLED FISH LURES, with five years supply of fuel — ONLY $9.98.**

CHECK COLOR LURES DESIRED

☐ All Red ☐ Red and White ☐ Yellow and White ☐ Red and Yellow

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ CHECK HERE FOR C.O.D. DELIVERY. Send only $1 good-will deposit with your order. Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee, of course.

DEAR SIR!... YOU CUR!

RUSSIA'S TERRIBLE SECRET

Dear SIR!:

I've just finished reading "Terror Inc., Russia's Terrible Secret" in the July issue of your magazine. I have not read about these Russian records in any other magazine or newspaper and I wonder why. It seems to me that these records of Russian police brutality under the Czar (which, as Mr. Stanley Jacobs, author of the article points out, are exactly like what the Communists are now doing to the Russian people and all the people behind the Iron Curtain) should be publicized for all they are worth, so that the American people have a good idea of what really goes on in Russia. Not just from what some American newspaperman says after making a trip to Russia, but what the Russian police have to say about themselves. This is getting right to the source, so to speak.

Such an article is particularly timely, it seems to me, because of the Eichmann trial now going on in Israel. Once again people are going to be told of the awful things that occurred in Nazi Germany, and the sufferings of millions of Germans and others who came under Nazi rule. But what, I ask you, of the millions of Russians who suffered under the Czar, and the millions more who are suffering under the Communists today?

The main concern in the United States is about the Communists getting a foothold here, and of course that's as it should be. I also realize that it's better to remain on friendly terms with the Communists if we can, because the alternative might very well be a terrible nuclear war. Still, I think Americans can give some thought to the millions of Russians and others (remember the Hungarians?) who are forced to live under a rule that denies them personal liberty and the right to live the way they want.

I'm an American of Russian parentage, and I know some stories that would make your hair stand on end. Thank God, my parents got away from Russia years ago and came to this country. However, many of our family and friends weren't so fortunate. Once in a great while we get a letter from Russia, heavily censored of course, but what you can read between the lines would make your heart break.

One cousin lived in France with her husband and child. Right before the war she went back to Russia to visit her family. When the war started, the Reds refused to let her leave because she had been born in Russia. She was forced to work in a factory in Siberia. Even after the war they wouldn't let her go. She's still in Russia. Her husband is now dead, her child is grown up, never knowing his mother.

This woman, who was wealthy and a lady in France, has been forced to work at hard labor all these years, living in a dormitory with dozens of other women. A couple of years ago she finally reached the best she can now hope for in her life—she was able to buy a little room in a workers' house for herself. Now at last she has some kind of privacy. Of course she has to use the bathroom and kitchen facilities with everyone else. The only thing that seems to keep this woman living is the hope that maybe someday, by some miracle, she will be allowed to visit France to see her son.

Another thing, did you know that the people aren't allowed to get in a car or bus or train and go from one city to another? No, they have to get a permit; something like a passport to go from one place to another inside their own country.

Some American relatives went to Russia on a tour. They couldn't get to this cousin's town because it wasn't on the list of recommended places for tourists to visit. And when the cousin applied for a permit to see her American relatives in Moscow, she was turned down!

What kind of living would you say this is?

Again I say: when the United States has documentation like the Ochrana records, they should be given as much publicity as possible, so that every American really knows what goes on behind the scenes in the Soviet Union.

I want to thank you for publishing the article.

S. Petrovsky
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FANTASTIC DR. REICH

Dear SIR!:

We thought your readers would like to know the outcome of Dr. Wilhelm Reich's story (April). He finally denied the alleged benefits of his orgone energizer, and died in the Lewisburg, Pennsylvania Federal Penitentiary on November 3, 1957, at the age of 60. He was then serving a two-year sentence for contempt of Federal court and violation of the U.S. Pure Food and Drug Act.

But the once-famed disciple of Dr. Freud, dying under a cloud of infamy, still has disciples, some of whom dispute the Pure Food and Drug Administration's 1954 classification of his orgone energy as a fraud. Dr. Reich's "Selected Writings" were published by Farrar & Straus in 1960. A third enlarged edition of his "Character Analysis," translated by Theodore Wolfe, was published this year (1961) by Noonday Press.

Flora Huffman & Walter Snow
New York, New York

TV GOLD MINE FOR BOWLERS

Dear SIR!:

Mr. Holzman is so right; you sure can bowl your way to millions! (April) I myself am a Friday-night bowler, and I like to keep up with what's going on in the sport.

Did you know that on January 2, 1961 a lad from Detroit, a bowling instructor named Therm Gibson, won $75,000 with six consecutive strikes on Jackpot Bowling at Hollywood Legion Lanes? He also got another thousand bucks for defeating Don Ellis in a preliminary contest on the show.

I live in Birmingham, one of twelve cities which has already gotten a franchise for a national professional league for bowlers. The other cities are Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Fort Worth, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha and San Antonio.

There will be eight men on a team, and the ones good enough to make a team will earn from $10,000 to $20,000 a year; plus exhibition money and TV prizes.

Not bad, huh?

Now instead of raising your kid to be a ball player or president, give him a bowling ball and get him on the lanes!

D. McClure
Birmingham, Ala.

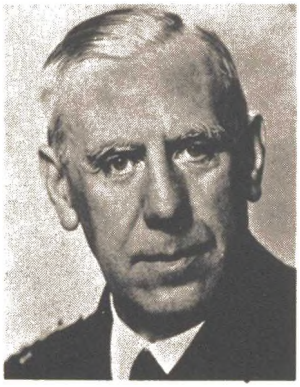
NEW HORIZONS FOR ADVENTURERS

Dear SIR!:

All of us armchair adventurers who dream of that trip we're gonna take to some island paradise someday, salute you! Now we know where we can "Live Like a Shah on Pennies a Day." (May)

A. A. J.
Carthage, Mo.

Is there a way a man can make extra money, without investment, and without it interfering with his regular job? Yes, there is—and the answer comes from a famous Company that has been helping men make extra money for years. The Mason Shoe people, of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, have a number of openings for good men who will show the Mason color catalog of over 200 men's, women's dress, sport, work shoe styles—and take orders folks give you. It's easy, pleasant work and no experience is required. Age, education do not matter. The people you call on welcome you. Who else brings a "shoe store" to their door? And Mason Shoes make friends. They're extra comfortable, with springy air cushion innersoles that seem to soften sidewalks. It's this winning combination of comfort plus convenience that makes showing the Mason catalog and taking orders for Mason Shoes so pleasant and so profitable. Without half trying, you should be able to make yourself $25 extra weekly on just one order a day. Plus bonuses, prizes! Want to try it? We furnish everything free and without obligation. Simply tear out this page, write your name and address in the margin, and mail today to Ned Mason, 58 E. Grand Dept. G-996 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.



When Canaris fell from Hitler's favor, he joined plot against *Fuehrer*, was hanged for treason in 1945.

The Top Nazi Spy of World War II, Admiral Walter Canaris Had One Weakness—Women. Three Girls—an English Teacher, an Egyptian Dancer and a German Milkmaid—Working for the Allies, Destroyed Canaris' Spying Career

the GAY GIRLS who TRIPPED HITLER'S Ace SPYMASTER

By NORTON S. BOWERS

● ● The small and dusty Opel was parked on a side street facing Berlin's Potsdamer Platz, which was blacked out on this October night in 1942 except for the flashes of ack-ack guns and the probing pencils of light in the sky.

"The raid is over now, Vera," said the Teutonic-looking young man who sat behind the wheel.

The girl named Vera huddled close to him as one final detonation overhead made a hollow boom and the British bombers disappeared into a cloud mass and headed home.

"I would much rather stay with you tonight than go chasing after a man old enough to be my grandfather," murmured Vera, who was a British subject masquerading as a German citizen. She glanced apprehensively at the smoky sky, where puffballs from antiaircraft shells still hung like cottony flowers over Berlin, and winced.

"This night reminds me of the raid on Coventry," she murmured in a stricken voice. "God, I can still see my mother and sister. Mums had no head. Sis had her right arm blown off at the elbow—"

The young man interrupted her sharply but not without sympathy. "I understand, Vera, but we have work to do. You wanted revenge on the Nazis and you're here to get it. Don't think of what happened to your family; you can't help them. But you can help England."

The all-clear siren was still wailing when one feeble light showed across the boulevard at the door of the cellar cafe called the Herrenhausen. A Nazi staff car glided up to the entrance and Vera's friend gripped her arm in sudden excitement.

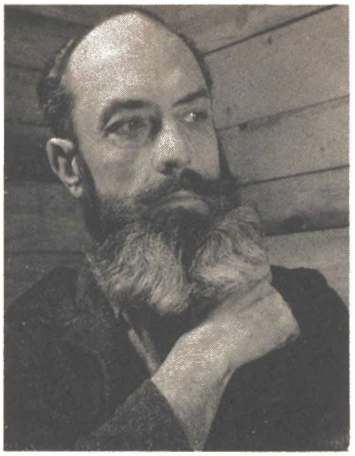
"That's the admiral's auto! Get out now; do your stuff before he leaves the cafe and drives away. You know what to do. He's a pushover for a girl with your talents."

Vera's thin face was drawn and white. She leaned forward and kissed the driver on the lips, then got out of the car and walked across the road with the swinging gait of a veteran Berlin harlot.

As she neared the Herrenhausen, two stocky men in civilian clothes, obviously police

Showing no emotion, Canaris watched as the Nazi guards mowed down his former mistress.

THE GAY GIRLS . . .



Newspaperman Robert Best was sentenced to life imprisonment for treason because of Nazi propaganda broadcasts in WW II.

Glamour spy Mata Hari was betrayed to French by her lover Canaris after he tired of her. She was killed.

agents, emerged from the cafe and looked carefully up and down the deserted thoroughfare. Then they nodded deferentially to a small and unimpressive man who stood hesitantly in the doorway.

"*Bitte,* Excellency, it is safe to come out now. Your car is waiting, sir."

Looking like a tired gray sparrow, the little man trudged up the steps and stood in the cold night air before getting into his limousine. His name was Walter Wilhelm Canaris. He was 60 years old and he had served as Germany's top spymaster in two World Wars. Although he looked like a colorless little bookkeeper who would never earn more than 70 marks a week, this sallow man with the pince-nez glasses was one of the world's true geniuses in the grim realm of espionage.

Canaris, the descendant of a Greek family which had migrated to Germany 200 years earlier, was a fanatical Nazi, a superb organizer, something of a wizard in the stock market, and one of the least known of the top men who ran Hitler's Reich. Few photographs were ever taken of him.

Despite his Casper Milquetoast appearance, he was also a lecher whose appetite for young and willing girls was well-known, though not discussed. He was a greater skirt-chaser than Paul Joseph Goebbels, the club-footed Propaganda Minister, whose seductions and scandalous affairs were known the length and breadth of the country. But Walter Canaris played his love cards close to his chest, as an astute spy chief should.

(*Author's Note: In researching the life of Admiral Canaris and the hitherto unrevealed episodes set forth in this article, I was shown a yellowing page from the files of the Rothaar Clinic, a private sanitarium in the mountains near the Westerwald. The clinic's director,*

In 1942 Carl Schroetter, Miami fishing boat captain and confessed German spy, was sentenced to 10 years.

Richard Quirin, 34 (with soldier-guards) was one of eight men who were brought to trial before military commission as alleged Nazi spies and saboteurs.

Mrs. Erna Haupt (l.), mother of Hans Haupt, executed Nazi saboteur, and Mrs. Kate Wergin were sentenced to 25 years in prison, fined $10,000. Their husbands were sentenced to death.

Dr. Walther Allgauer, an able clinician, had this to say of Canaris, Patient No. 6673, whom he treated under the name Dieter Munster for two months in the spring of 1938: *"Patient treated with psychotherapy and rauwolfia serpentina for advanced satyriasis. Patient has untrammeled sex drive and wishes to normalize such urges, if possible, in order to devote time to important duties as government official of the Reich. Prognosis: treatment is of dubious value; patient may relapse into unbridled desire and renewed spells of fury alternating with depression if not satisfied. See motion pictures of 'Munster' taken by Dr. Heinrich Wiese, our pathologist, while patient, thinking himself unobserved, was pursuing probationary nurse in solarium."*)

It was this little man of commonplace appearance—he had been Mata Hari's mentor and lover during World War I—who now stood indecisively by his car, watching with unblinking eyes as the English girl, Vera Carstairs walked across the Potsdamer Platz and smiled at Walter Canaris.

As she approached him, Vera dropped her handbag and gave an exclamation of dismay as the contents rolled out on the damp pavement. The German spy chief, who was only 5 feet 6 inches tall, clicked his heels, bowed creakily, and picked up the feminine items. He sniffed the scented handkerchief and examined the comb, a lipstick and a compact which had come unhinged.

Canaris said in his rattling voice, which sounded like dry leaves rubbing together: "A pity, *fraulein;* the mirror is cracked and the compact is *kaput.* But don't fret. A pretty miss like you deserves better stuff than this. I am very fond of buying items of real quality for young women who show appreciation."

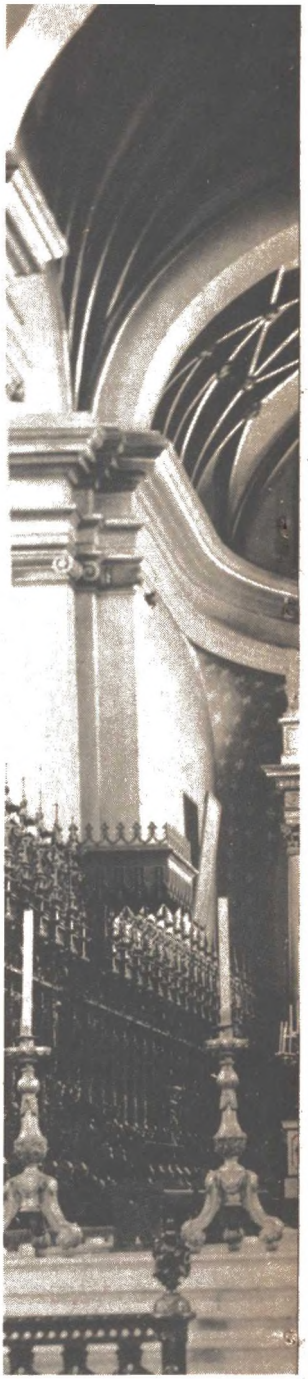
Boldly Vera took his arm and said: "Thank you, *mein herr,* you are very kind. It has been a very hard year in Berlin. A girl has little money left these days to buy nice things."

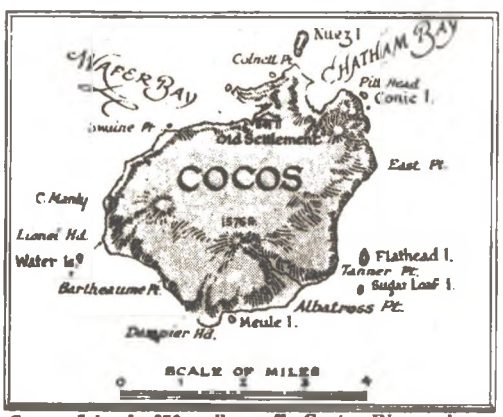
Gallantly the little admiral helped her into the rear seat of his bulletproof limousine. The stolid bodyguards must have been through this routine dozens of times. With impassive faces, they drove off with Canaris and the girl he had picked up—or who had picked up Canaris.

In the little Opel 50 yards away the young man who had brought Vera to the Potsdamer Platz smiled with satisfaction. George Buchalter of San Jose, California (he now used the name of Erich Pommer, a German citizen) covertly reached under the seat cushions and brought forth a notebook.

He wrote a message in it: "Attention, C-22, London: Buchalter reporting. Contact with Gorgon (the code name for Canaris) was made by individual as planned on 10-14-42. No further (*Continued on page* 74)

Jacob Bluhm claims he knows where $50 million in pirate treasure lies in Pacific.





Cocos Island—256 miles off Costa Rica—where pirates are supposed to have buried their loot. Only one gold doubloon's ever been found there.

the AMAZING LOOT

By LIEUT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

• • Again I was getting restless, having been on vacation some weeks after returning from a most successful treasure salvage expedition. I knew what that meant. It wasn't exactly a question of whether or not I would take off again; what I had to decide was where I was bound for this time.

There are always practical factors which enter into that choice—the exactness of one's information about a sunken shipwreck, how much money went down with her, how far away she lies, depth, working conditions,

Golden Virgin in its place in Cathedral of Lima, where it has been for over 100 years. Still, many believe phony story that it's hidden on Cocos Island.

"It's a Short Jump from Treasure-Seeker to Treasure-Sucker," Says Lieutenant Rieseberg, Speaking of the Thousands Who Have Searched Cocos Island for Gold Religious Statues Which Have Never Left the Cathedral at Lima, Peru

Cabin of August Gissler, who spent 20 years on Cocos Island, searching in vain for treasure.

# of LIMA HOAX

West German diver gets an equipment check before descending 80 feet to sunken ship.

Member of *SS Artiglio* crew holds rupees salvaged from *SS Egypt* off French coast.

Artiglio crew sorts and dries out rupees from the *SS Egypt*.

LIMA HOAX . . .

costs. And complicating such considerations with me is that basic urge of the deep-sea treasure salvor—he longs for new seas, new islands, untrodden sea bottoms, new ways to reach and bring up his find.

Thousands of wrecks and a terrific amount of ocean spread around the globe. Where would it be this time?

While I was in this state of uncertainty, I gave my collection of files, charts and maps a thorough working-over. For weeks I weighed a dozen different plans, threw them away, picked them up again, looked for a new one. Costs, chances, the weather, all had to be taken into consideration.

Manta Bay, off the coast of Ecuador, came up in my research. Some new material had recently drifted in to me, indicating that an old, unidentified hulk lay close to shore in the bay. There was fairly good evidence that she had more than a fortune in gold in her rotting remains. It looked like a good bet; not too deep a dive; better protected waters than most prospects rested in; the season was right; and not too big a salvage ship was needed for the trip.

At the same time, something else kept buzzing in my mind. In all the research work I'd been doing through the years, the name of Cocos Island was forever popping up—Cocos Island and the Loot of Lima, the lodestar of treasure-hunters for more than a hundred years.

On my desk lay a dozen elaborately-printed and artistically-sketched prospectuses, offering shares in successive expeditions to search for the lost Lima riches. Sometimes the promoter had the ship and was selling stock to get working capital. Sometimes straight partners were wanted. In every case the Loot of Lima was played up big.

My check-up showed more than 400 properly equipped and financed expeditions which had tried to recover the Loot at Cocos Island. It looked to me as if my life job as a salvor demanded my getting this story straight. I really ought to find out what was in it, if anything. On the way to Manta Bay it would be simple to go to Cocos and investigate on the spot.

In a few weeks I located a good, small schooner. The work of outfitting her and getting a crew went ahead rapidly. Several weeks later, right on schedule, we made a landfall at Cocos.

Looking at the lonely patch of land, 256 miles off Cape Salsipuedes in Costa Rica, I saw Chatham Bay and the slopes beyond, and I couldn't help thinking of the hundreds of people who (*Continued on page* 50)

On hands and knees, Swedish King Gustav VI (r.) searches for buried treasure with Wilhelm Holmqvist.

Sunken ship is examined by diver Haas as he swims on bottom of Mediterranean Sea.

Chief diver Alberto Gianni of *Artiglio* explains position of safe from captain's cabin on sunken *SS Egypt*. It contained key to bullion room.

Lebensborn (Fountain of Life) camps were pet project of Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler (2nd from l.) Girls accepted for "big honor" (above) were well taken care of during pregnancy; in some cases could keep babies.

TRUE HISTORICAL FACT

LEBENSBORN

For 14-Day Periods Hitler's SS Soldiers Made Love to Hand-Picked Blonde "Pure Aryan" Girls at This Mountain-Top Stud Farm. Their Mission: to Produce Illegitimate Babies for the Nazi War Machine

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Nazi race theorist (in civilian clothes, r.) gave Himmler idea for breeding camps. Fanatic female Nazis were eager to provide soldiers entertainment less innocent than that of girls below.

By AL SALAMON

● ● The muscular *SS Obersturmbannfuehrer* stood in the center of a group of young girls, who admired his well-tailored uniform and his handsome features. The girls, most of them members of the BDM, Hitler's Girl Youth Movement, had just finished their gymnastics hour. They gathered about expectantly in the warm sun, wearing tight black shorts and white sleeveless shirts which sharply outlined every soft, youthful curve of their young, tanned bodies.

The group of girls had arrived from various parts of Nazi Germany, fanatic and eager to participate in one of *Reichsfuehrer* Himmler's pet plans, the creation of a stud farm for his SS superman and these healthy blonde volunteers who had come to Schmallenog for the Nazi-conducted mating experiments at *Lebensborn*. *Lebensborn* literally meant "Fountain of Life."

It had become an obsession for the former chicken farmer Himmler, who now headed the dreaded Gestapo. The milk-faced, tight-lipped Himmler, himself no physical example of the superman theory, was busily working on pet (*Continued on page* 46)

VIGILANTE SAM: *TERROR*

By S. RALPH WILSON

"I'll teach all painted women to have respect for the law or get out of town!" Brannon said, slicing at the girl's hair.

of the TARTS

A TRUE-LIFE Story

● ● The rolypoly little barber, Emilio, broke the shocking news. He burst into Sam Brannan's office on San Francisco's Portsmouth Square and collapsed into a chair. The barber wept and waved a bloody pair of shears as he gasped out a terrible story.

"This is no town for decent people, *signor!* My wife Antonia—such a good woman, so young and a fine mother—is dying. The doctor cannot help her. Four Sydney Ducks did this to my Antonia!"

The tall newspaper editor seated at the desk looked like Abraham Lincoln, but he wore two pistols and kept a coiled rope hanging on the wall. He lit a cheroot and leaned forward intently.

"Do you know the men who did it, Emilio? Can you

VIGILANTE SAM . . .

Crusading editor of the *Star*, Brannon seemed to lead a charmed life. He escaped at least 3 murder tries.
California Historical Society, San Francisco

Brannon was a rival of Brigham Young and tried to make California the heart of Mormon empire.

Vigilantes hang Sydney Ducks who raped, killed Frisco woman. These Australian convicts terrorized the West.

A Dead Ringer for Abe Lincoln, Sam Brannan Organized Frisco's Vigilantes, Waged War on Chippies, Protected Decent Women from the Lust-Crazed Sydney Duck Convicts—and Found Time to Have 20 Wives

give me their names, man?"

The barber's shoulders heaved in a sob of grief as he recited the names of the attackers. "I stabbed one, Will Purdy, in the shoulder with my scissors, but the others threw me out of my own house. They took my Antonia into our bedroom. I heard her scream for me many times. They hit, they kicked, they choked her until they had their way with her. My wife!"

Sam Brannan, the raw young city's first millionaire, businessman, journalist and polygamist, stood up to his full height. He was 6 feet 4 inches tall and had shoulders like a bullock's. Gently he took the crimsoned scissors from Emilio's nerveless fingers.

"You stay here, man, you're done in," he ordered. "But the Sydney Ducks will pay for this, Emilio. Four eyes for one eye; four teeth for every tooth. Those are better than Biblical odds!"

The mission bell in the plaza was tolling noon as editor Brannan, the city's foremost citizen on this August day in 1853, walked briskly from store to store, rounding up members of the Vigilance Committee he had singlehandedly created the previous year.

Sam rapped loudly on the door of Dr. William Sloane, the only doctor in the town. "Get your pistol and rope, Doc, we have business to do!" he called out.

"You over there—Joseph Morantz, the blacksmith. Put aside those tools and come with me. You're a Vigilante now!"

Within ten minutes the tall and magnetic Brannan had assembled fifteen Vigilantes who had taken control of the city after the few law enforcement officials in San Francisco proved too weak to protect the citizens.

When Sam lost money and left city, Vigilantes got out of hand. Here they hang man for contempt of court.

Now Brannan led the procession of silent, stern-faced men three blocks west to the intersection of Kearney and Sacramento Streets, where Emilio Suzzi's barber shop was located.

A trail of blood showed on the dusty street leading north. In the shop's rear living quarters Sam opened the door and gazed with shocked eyes at the sagging, messed-up bed. A young woman lay there. She was dead, after having been raped repeatedly.

It was 20-year-old Antonia. Her corpse bore teeth marks, deep knife slashes, ugly black bruises. In a cradle beside the bed a baby lay crying.

Morantz, the 260-pound blacksmith from Belgium, said fiercely: "My God, who could have done something as terrible as this, Mr. Brannan?"

The man who looked like Lincoln replied: "I have their names. They are Ducks and we'll find them at this time of day in Ganders' saloon. Check your ropes, men. Jabez, did you bring your horse and cart? We'll need it as a gallows platform."

In the roaring, crime-ridden San Francisco of the 1850's, there were no worse cutthroats and hoodlums than the Sydney Ducks. These were discharged or escaped convicts from Australian prison camps who had, by one means or another, secured passage on ships bound for America's West Coast.

The ex-convicts had found San Francisco an ideal shelter for plug-uglies and killers. With plenty of money in circulation, sailors to rob and shanghai, and dozens of prostitutes to intimidate and exploit, the Sydney Ducks had grown bolder with each passing month.

Some 200 in number, they were a motley bunch, ranging from pickpockets trained in Limehouse to bearded, fanatical Hindus who had been shipped to Australia from the Crown Colony of India for various crimes.

"Cor, but this is a good town!" the Ducks' leader, Liverpool Jack Wilson, said gloatingly. "Plenty of gels, coots to rob, and fine ale to be drunk. Could a bloke ask for more?"

Champion of the underdog, Brannon organized Vigilantes when cops couldn't protect Frisco from Sydney Ducks.

Police officials proved weak and scared in the face of the violence unleashed by the thugs from overseas. The ex-cons raped women on the streets. They prowled the town, looting bars and vandalizing brothels. Moving uptown when things got dull, they raided fine shops and broke into the homes of leading citizens.

Now Brannan and his men burst into Ganders' smoky dive, which was located under a Chinese laundry on Stockton Street.

"I want the men who (*Continued on page 42*)

Each Month Miners and Cattlemen Plunked Down as Much as $80,000

VIRGIN AUCTION in OLD COLORADO

A TRUE-LIFE Story

By GEORGE T. MILLER

for a Gorgeous "Kelly Virgin"—and Swore They Got Their Money's Worth

● ● She stood there, her firm, full body straining against the silk dress, her eyes on the floor, her face unsmiling. What she thought about no one knew, and nobody gave a damn. She stood at the front of a curtained stage, in the center of the glow of six oil lamps, and the only movement she made was to occasionally flick her soft red tongue across her dry lips.

There were some 300 tough men in the room, all dressed in the coarse shirts and tight pants of the mines, and their eyes, to a man, were searching through the thin folds of silk wrapped around this beautiful 16-year-old "child in a woman's body." They obviously (*Continued on page* 68.)

There were 300 men in Madam Kelly's, and tonight one of them would walk off with the 16-year-old on the auction block.

A TRUE-LIFE STORY

SMART SERGEANT ON THE LOOSE

By SERGEANT X

● ● What I did was funny. It was so funny it could have got me killed. For an old head at this game of broads, booze and hell-for-leather living, I've made the big discovery that I'm still a first-class jerk! Me—at the wise old age of 38, with twenty years as a ground-pounder in the United States Army, who fought a war in Europe and a "police action" in Korea—turns out to be a flat-footed sucker for the oldest trick of the world's oldest profession!

Believe me when I say I've jumped into, and staggered out of, some of the greatest beds in Berlin; shacked with as fine a doxy as good old Paris ever gave a conquering hero; been bathed by those delicate kitten delights who are the women of Japan. Me—who has bargained a night or two hundred from the best up-and-coming hookers ever to ply their trade in London's Soho district or New York's busy East Side—always coming out on top, with never a problem but a hell of a head and a badly bent bank roll.

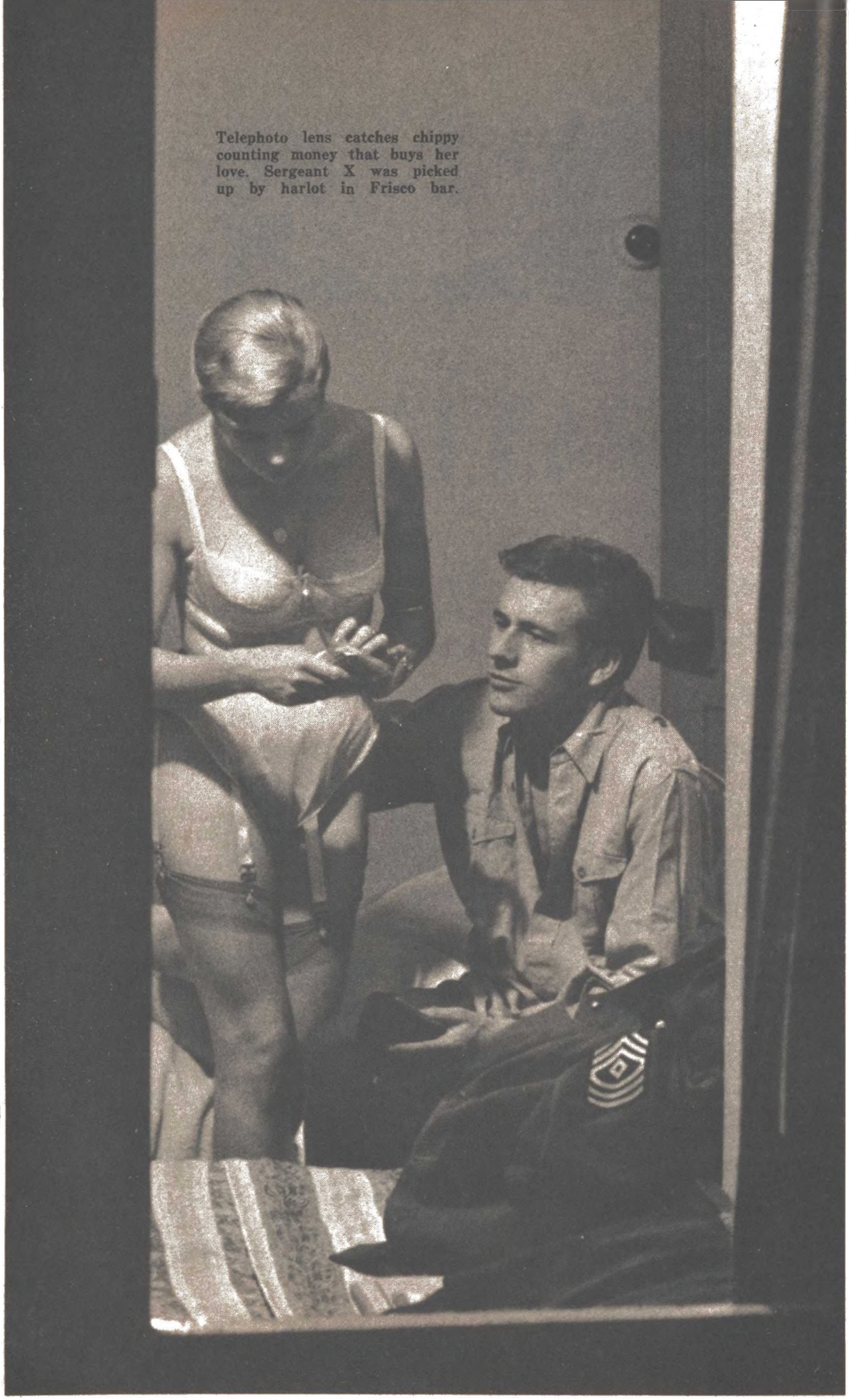
I know the ropes, every trick of the scarlet trade. Yet at 38 a tough top kick like me gets the full treatment in my own home town of San Francisco.

Laugh if you will, friend, but let me tell you (*Continued on page* 56)

This Tough Army Top Kick Had Known All Kinds of Chicks from London to Paris to Tokyo. But It Took a Smooth Stateside Blonde to Teach Him What He'd Never Learned from any GI Training Movies

Sergeant X was drugged by girl in her hotel room, rolled, then dumped in an alleyway by her accomplices. Cops never found her.

Posed by professional models.

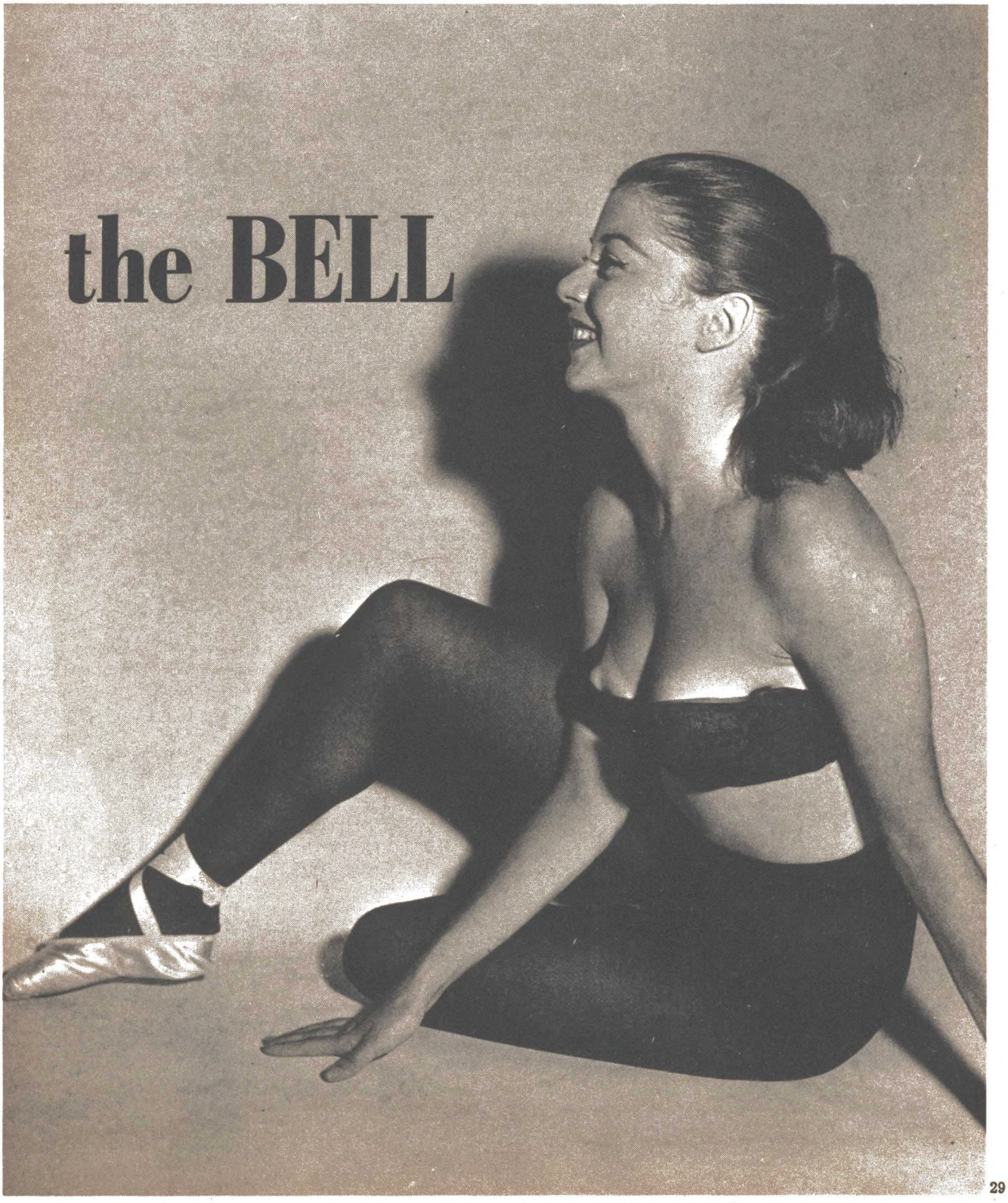


Telephoto lens catches chippy counting money that buys her love. Sergeant X was picked up by harlot in Frisco bar.

Posed by professional models.

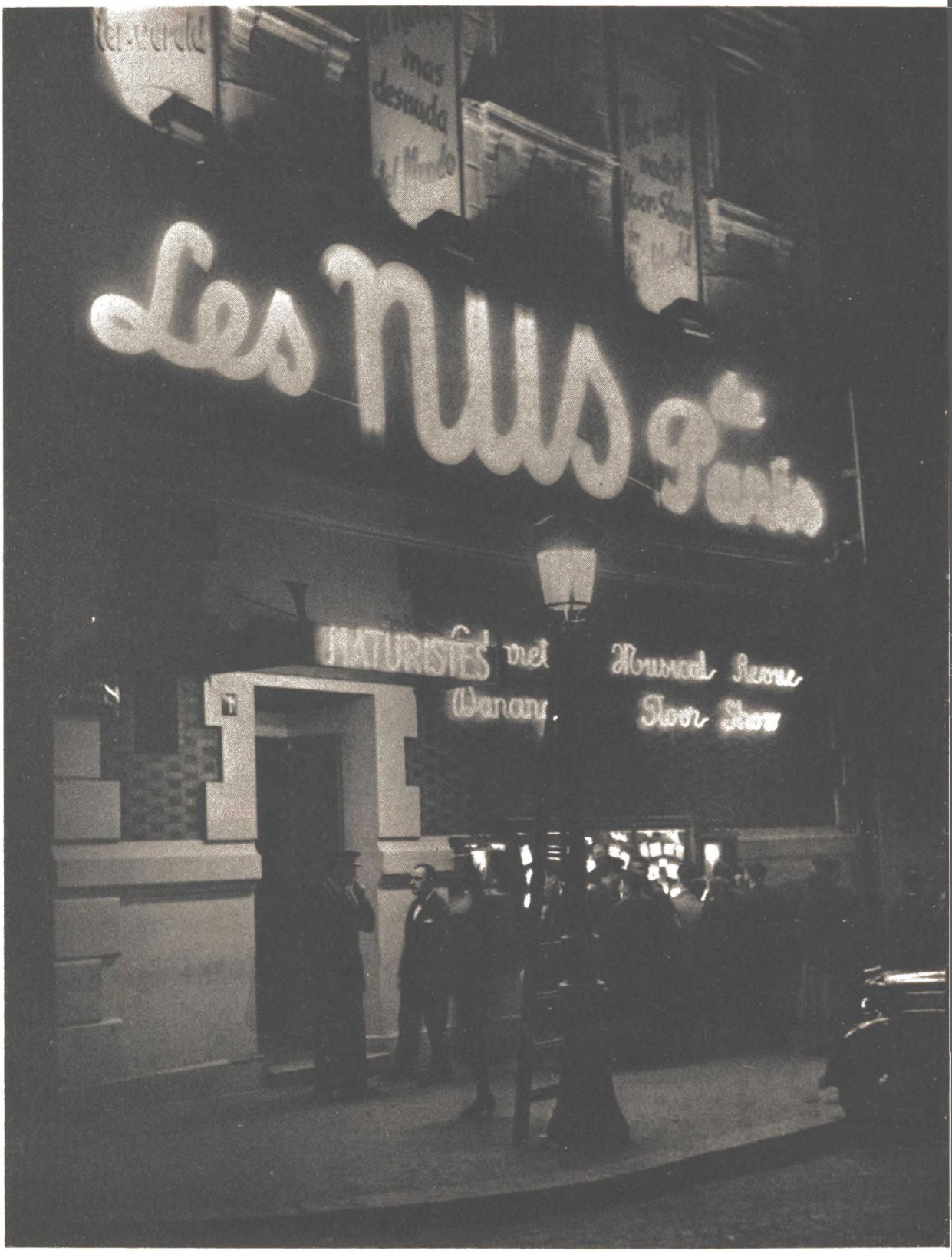
PATTI RINGS

Las Vegas Fans Dig Patti Bell the Most. She's the Luscious Redhead Second from the Right on the Chorus Line at the New Frontier


the BELL

PATTI . . .

Patti Hails from Hollywood but Prefers Las Vegas Living to the Rat Race of Movie Town. She's 21. Hobbies: Dancing, Swimming, Jazz, and Men Who Take No for an Answer



This large Parisian night club is famous for nude floor show. Streetwalkers outside put on a show of their own.

By RAY HIBBELER

Marseilles prostitutes hold protest meeting at Town Hall after being fined for prolonged parking on city streets.

You'll find lavish sets and luscious nudes in Paris hot spots. This is scene for number called "Italian Images."

I SAW PARIS "WHEN"

When Paris' Legalized Houses Were Padlocked in 1946, the Bordello Chippies Joined Their Streetwalking Sisters. Today There are 12 Times More Doxies in Paris Than Before the Anti-Prostitution Law Was Passed

● ● The Paris prostie sidewalk "pageant" has always been an integral part of the Parisian scene. Tantalizing tarts have pounded the pavements through the years, long before Madame Marthe Richard, member of the Chamber of Deputies, succeeded in enforcing a law that put the damper on the bordellos all over town.

But Paris without prosties is like Istanbul without belly dancers or Las Vegas without one-armed bandits. So, since the houses have been shuttered, the legions of painted lilies not only march flamboyantly on and on, picking men up on the streets and taking them to their homes or hotel rooms, but the streetwalking wigglers have developed their pageant into the proverbial three-ringed circus, especially around Place Pigalle.

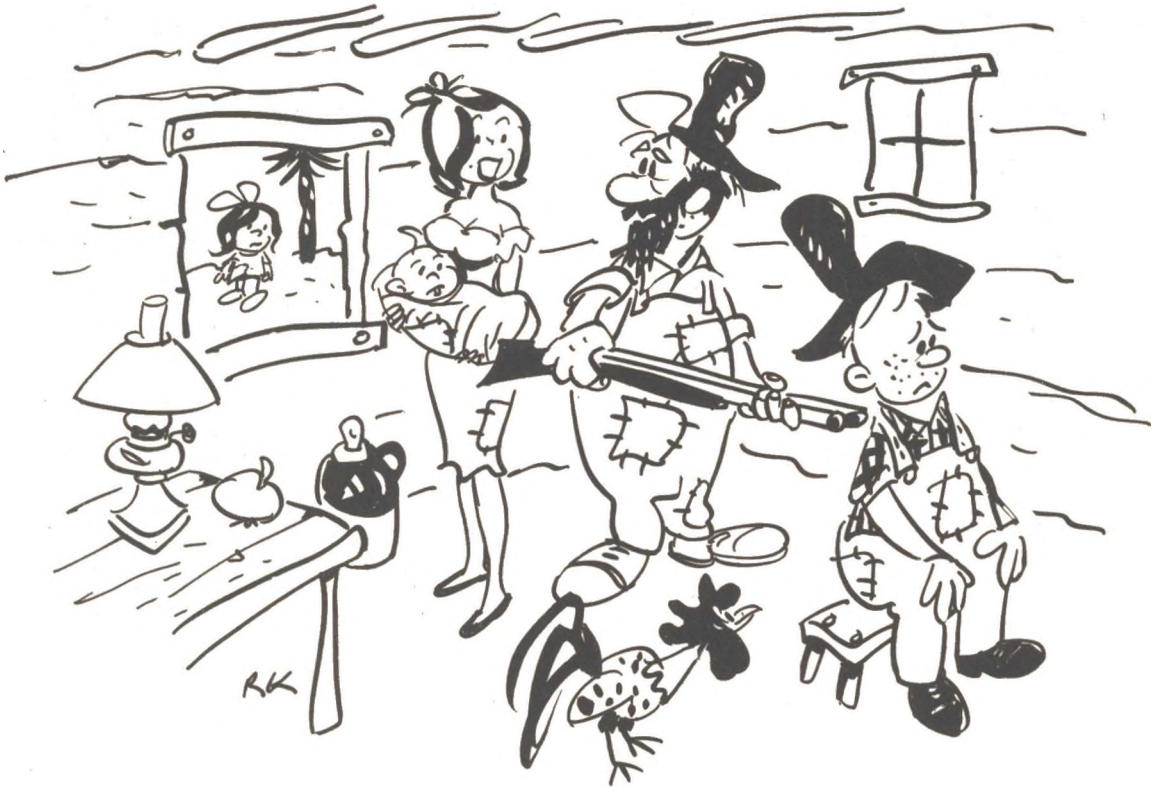
When the Capital of the Arts padlocked the seraglios in 1946, to comply with the law, the mattress merchandise avalanched the streets like a plague of locusts. Most of them augmented the army of sidewalk sirens, who had been there all along. However, some of the well-stacked stunners from the gaudy flesh-frolicking palaces were gobbled up by wealthy men and put on pedestals as "kept women." Quite a number became habitues of hotel lobbies; a few others made the grade with the indoor sex circuses (where they take your eyeteeth for admission) in the Place Pigalle area. A good percentage joined the

(*Continued on page* 38

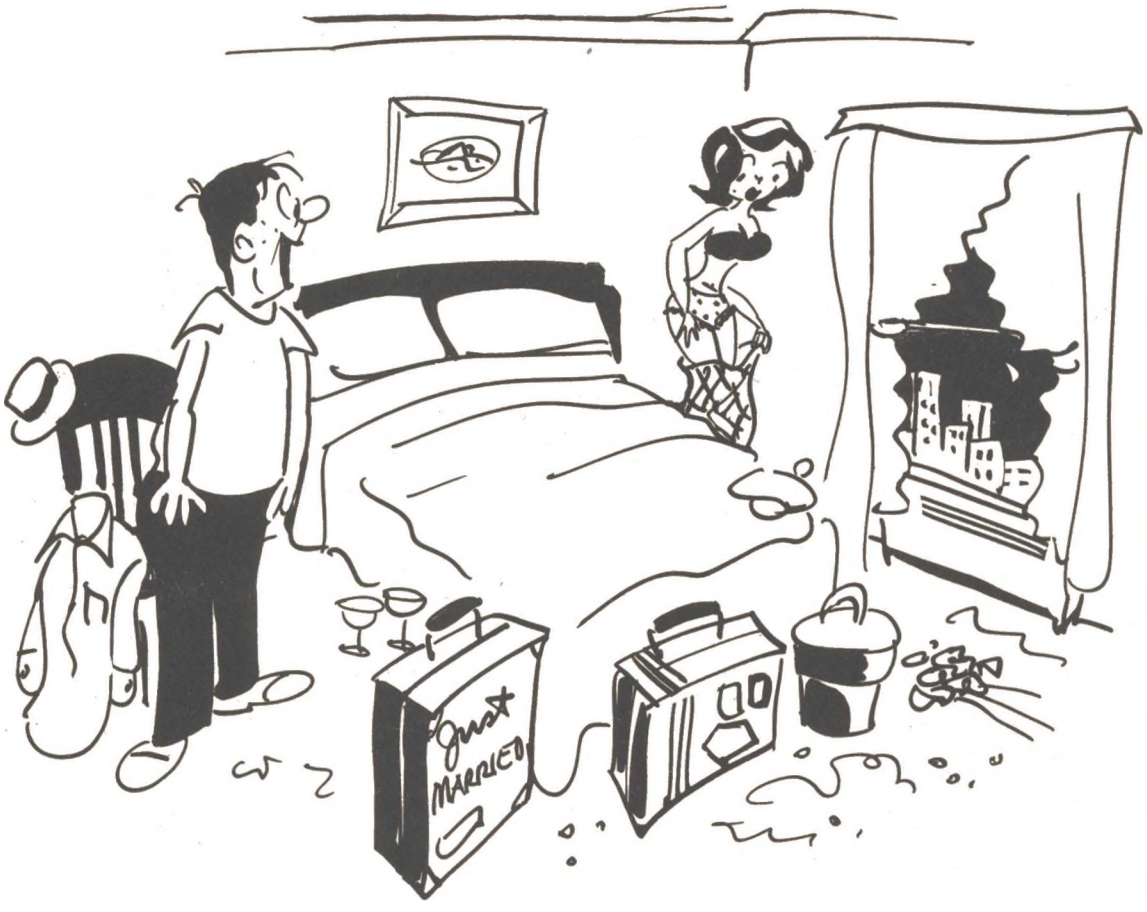
Madame Marthe Richard (with book she wrote) was author of the anti-prostitution law.

Just For You, SIR!

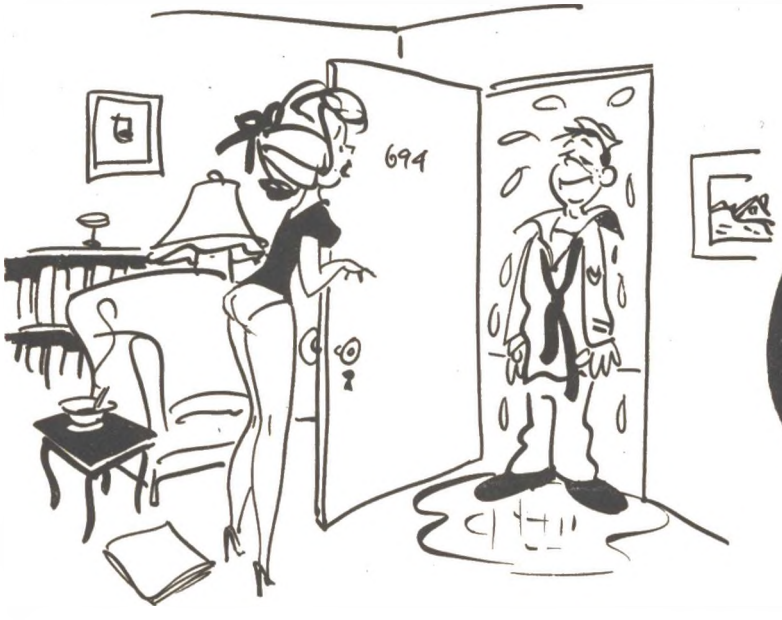
"Oh, Hawkins, did I order chicken in the basket?"



"We can leave for the justice of the peace in a minute, Pa. Here comes the sitter I called!"



"Now for the moment of truth!"



"I thought you promised me you wouldn't jump ship again!"

GAGS for GUYS ONLY... THE BEST of REAMER KELLER

K. L. Schneider

Sheik Al Rashid was charmed as Eliza fought him. In Saudi Arabia the big woman was considered a real dish.

The REVENGE of HIRAM WORDLEY

By JOHN NAPIER

If You've Ever Secretly Wished You Could Turn in Your Nagging Old Wife for a Newer Model, This Story Is for You

● ● Hiram Wordley looked like an innocent, helpless little guy, one of those timid, 97-pound weaklings who has drifted into flabby middle age without ever hoisting a bar bell. But appearance aside, he was a man. To my way of thinking, the world needs more like him.

I first saw Hiram, or Hi as he liked to be called, picking his way cautiously up the gangplank of the S.S. *Ajax*, which was sailing back to the United States from the Middle (*Continued on page* 61)

I SAW PARIS "WHEN"

(Continued from page 33)

high-class call-girl clan.

At the same time many office-working femmes and other daytime employees associated themselves with the outdoor ranks of professional bedroom rompers as part-time hustlers, which means there are now about twelve times more streetwalkers since the needle of the law inoculated the bagnios with the kill-joy serum.

Many of the tarnished tarts reeking of cheap perfume, straggling along the sidewalk jungle of jittery *filles de joie*, wearing forced smiles and masquerading as happy, healthy harlots, are rapidly headed for the dust heap. A liaison with one of these deteriorating dames who offers to sell her wares for peanuts, is of course out of the question. However, Paris can generate magic, and the sidewalk scene, with its tremendous variety of characters (some extremely obnoxious) might be very amusing to many visitors.

For instance, the so-called street guides and postcard vendors—who are the pests and termites of the con-game clan—drift in a pandemonium of joy and distress and anger with thousands of tourists and natives. But the prostie parade is not for the circumspect. The females fluttering around strange men like moths around a flame might interest those who are broad-minded, without entering into an alliance with one of them.

Paris harlotry as it is today, especially with reference to streetwalkers, brings to this writer's mind the words of Gandhi: "Learn as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die tomorrow."

If you, dear reader, are a male of legal age and plan to span the big drink for your first visit to Paris, and find yourself boudoir-acrobatically-minded, thus associating the above Gandhi proverb with the mass of hookers who promenade about the gay capital city, heed this advice: don't learn the hard way! But if you must live it up "as if you were to die tomorrow," live it up the right way.

The sidewalk sirens have many price tags that range from a buck to a bundle. If you meet an intellectual sexpot dressed to kill, the creamy-throat type wearing seductive perfume, whose every word sounds like a caress and your brain is aflame from her nearness, you might feel like giving the "empress" the low Oriental bow of a high-ranking Manchu. But when the conversation begins to border on the price for a bedroom binge, and the babe makes like a female Jesse James in an attempt to raid your gold supply, manipulate your marbles with skill and manage your wallet with reasonable prudence.

If you're not fast enough on the diplomatic draw, she might quickie you with a quote from the Bible: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." But if you feel that patience is the enduring element in faith, and play hard-to-get, the charmer's price tag, nine times out of ten, will take a nose dive. However, be sure to remember that whatever you do during a rather lengthy conversation with a Paris prostie on the prowl, *don't* ever tell her "it's all in the mind." If you do, you'll create the riot of all riots. A crowd bigger than the audience of the Follies Bergere will surround you and the dame, and the *gendarmes* (French police) will be on the scene in one minute flat. After all, 50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong!

The voluptuously-curved vixens, appallingly plentiful, as well as the flat-chested trembling tarts of the fading dope-fiend variety, do their importuning on every boulevard, side street, and even in many of the twisting alleyways. It's a dismal sidewalk spectacle because most of the girls were far better off in the well-regulated bagnios, where the medical eye was focused upon them. And the patrons of those establishments were better off, too.

Madame Marthe Richard apparently now realizes that the closing of the brothels was a serious error. There are rumors that she's trying to have the law revoked.

If Madame Richard's dream of revoking the law becomes a reality, it would be logical to assume that many (if not all) of the well-known brothel names would again hit the universal limelight—every port of the seven seas and the four corners of the earth. Would the solid gold bathtub be restored in the Chabanais (The House of All Nations), which was the world's most famous and sumptuous bordello? Princes have given women champagne baths in this solid gold hunk of luxury. And this super bagnio was the Parisian rendezvous of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. The girls were the most complete assortment of beauties, as any man might dream about.

This writer's vision of the glorified nymphs in the resplendent parlors of the Chabanais, which was—as stressed above—the showplace of all showplaces, will never fade from his memory.

THE Crystal Palace, which was another flamboyant frolicking sanctuary in the Rue Colbert, also stands out in my mind like the Eiffel Tower. The name was indeed appropriate. The crystal chandelier in the main parlor represented a fortune. It blended in magnificently with the rare tapestry of female nudity that adorned the walls. But what I couldn't understand in this fabulously lavish establishment was why they employed the ugly-dispositioned and sour-puss madam to manage their stable of thoroughbred fillies. She had a face that could nauseate a mother and a voice that would scare fight fans stiff if she were allowed to announce the contestants in a world championship bout.

With that Crystal Palace investment and all the showplace competition, it just didn't make sense to me and my three male friends. I specified "male" because it was the accepted thing for Americans, their sweethearts and wives, and even their grandmothers, to go on a slumming spree in Paris *en famille*. No one gave it a thought, least of all the inmates in those well-regulated brothels.

As my friends and I were seated, our backs touching the wall, the grumpy madam clapped her hands and thirty beautiful babes filed into the room in orderly fashion. They formed a half-circle for our inspection, and the delectable damsels staggered our eyes. There were two girls from each of fifteen nations, and they stood there as still as statues. The eye-popping spectacle even included two brown-skins from the South Sea Isles. While our eyes were glued to this magnificent merchandise, we were compulsorily served two bottles of champagne. None of us chose a girl for an alliance, because we were there only as spectators.

About ten minutes after the bubble water was served the madam, apparently disgusted, clapped her hands again and the girls scrammed out. We then paid for the wine as requested, but it was virtually untouched.

The scarecrow ushered us into another room and we were seated in the same manner. We faced a small stage, about 10 feet wide and 4 feet deep. There was another massive crystal chandelier hung in the center of the room. More rare tapestry on the walls revealed the feminine form divine.

We were served two more bottles of champagne, the mechanical procedure of the house, and our franc rolls, of course, got another airing. There was another clap of the madam's manly hands and eight new girls of different nationalities rushed in. They positioned themselves in a straight line on the stage. Another hand signal from the madam and the girls went into a special pose.

This exhibition was called *Tableaux Vivants*. With each sound of the hands, the picture of human flesh changed, and the colored lighting displayed the seductive goddesses in a highly artistic manner.

There wasn't one iota of vulgarity in these exhibitions. Although this particular show did not exceed ten minutes, the eyefuls in both Crystal Palace parlors were a must for a student of the sights with a penchant for viewing the feminine form in all its glory.

That same night my friends and I decided to inspect another brothel at 32 Rue Blondel, which was known as Aux Belles Poulet—often called The Chicken Run. This was another famous frolicking spot. If the Parisian bordellos ever make a comeback, the name of this unique establishment would be right up there at the top with the House of All Nations, the Crystal Palace, the Sphynx—to mention only a few. The tourist trade that would avalanche the French capital with such a bagnio bombshell could hit an all-time high.

As we entered the enticing portals of Aux Belles Poulet about forty girls, all in their early 20's, stampeded us, and I do mean with such tumultuous haste as if we had thousand-dollar bills sticking out of our hatbands. They were practically nude, but they all wore a big smile. It was the house custom to choose one or more of the girls who blocked the entrance, seat them at a table along the wall that faced the floor festivities, and buy them drinks.

We picked four of them. The other chickens immediately scattered, but were on the alert for the next male patrons. None of them could speak a word of English.

There were two women and a man at

the wall table opposite us. We figured the older woman was the guy's mother-in-law, but a broad-minded mother-in-law who got a bang out of the slumming binge. She even flirted with me, and I let her have the green light to keep her happy.

The drinks were not served by ordinary waiters. Young French girls, also practically nude, rendered such service beautifully.

Needless to say, we ordered frequently. The drinks were not too expensive. And when not serving beverages, the waitresses danced with other nudies on the spacious floor. We were all of one mind that it was the greatest floor show (and the cheapest) on the face of the earth. So, as spectators, we really had a ball at The Chicken Run. But we let our eyes do all the dancing.

All the young chicks in this unique brothel had breathtaking curves, all of them were so gentle and unassuming. Not one made unseemly advances. The rooms upstairs were for those who felt inclined to go the route beyond the floor festivities where we were seated.

This particular resort passed out souvenir coins to their patrons bearing the imprint of a chicken and the name and address of the 32 Rue Blondel eye opener. I often wonder what happened to my magnificent memento.

It's common knowledge that old habits die hard. For those who were patrons of the well-regulated prostie emporiums, if only as spectators, the outdoor carnival of heavily powdered and painted daughters of the crimson seeking pigeons to pluck, is a sorry spectacle to see. With supervision of Parisian harlotry now shot to the four winds, a guy is better off to join the regular guide-conducted tours. Unless, of course, he's lucky enough to meet a nice girl by introduction who is as hungry for companionship as he might be.

Paris is loaded with feminine tourists of charm, as well as the American and British honeys who live there. Many will not only make a marvelous companion for the right man, but it's even possible that he may find the girl of his dreams.

But sympathy should not be lost in the shuffle and scuffle of passing feet for the tired unfortunates who limp and sigh from fatigue, as a result of walking virtually the entire night trying to peddle their wares. They have a right to live, and they too must eat to survive the perplexing Parisian rat race.

Now that there are as many streetwalkers as steaks in the clip joints of the great French capital, one can't help but wonder how many broken hearts are concealed beneath the veneer of gaiety. If it were possible to scrape away that veneer, there would probably be a million tears for every light that brightens the boulevards.

The Parisian picture of prostitution will get much worse until the mistakes of those who apparently acted in haste are rectified. It was a devastating French blunder that closed the well-regulated temples devoted to a commercial cupid. Until the day the brothels get the legal green light to come back, the Paris prostie pavement-pounders will continue to look like a pretentious procession of puppets. THE END

SPECIAL SPORTS REPORT

BASEBALL'S BETTING ODDS can be swung by HOT ROOKIES in '61

By VINCE VERITAS

● ● If you haven't as yet placed a bet on the teams you think will win the National and American League pennants, consider the problem of the professional gamblers. In spite of all the well-laid plans of the odds-makers, they've spent many sleepless nights over the past decade worrying about the prospect of an unheralded rookie upsetting their figures and spelling the difference between a pennant winner and the runner-up.

For instance, you may recall how the New York Yankees were staggering a little more than a month before the end of the 1960 season. Then business manager George Weiss called up a lanky right-hander, Bill Stafford, from the Yankees' International League farm club, Richmond.

Bill won three games and lost one for an earned run average of 2.25. More important, he stiffened the backbone of the Bronx Bombers' pitching staff in time to stem the rush of the brash young Baltimore Orioles. His timely arrival was just the breather the veterans Ford, Turley, Coates, Terry, Duren and Arroyo needed to regain control of the situation.

Now the odds-makers are trying to guess whether Stafford can overcome the sophomore jinx and repeat his brilliant mound work. If he does, he will make the Yankees favorites to win another American League flag.

Chuck Estrada, a rookie Baltimore Oriole, could help the Birds win. Even more dramatic is the case of "Howitzer" Frank Howard, the 6-foot 7-inch giant part-time first baseman and outfielder for the Los Angeles Dodgers.

In his first year, 1960, with the Dodgers, Howard was named Rookie of the Year, after having slammed 23 home runs and batting in 77. The gigantic Howard must also overcome the sophomore-year hoodoo, which has tripped up many first-year sensations. If he does, he should help the Dodgers win the 1961 National League pennant.

No young player has come along who has packed so much power or potential as Frank. Even at birth he weighed 13 pounds 6 ounces. The baseball experts tab him as a most promising possibility to top Babe Ruth's 60 home-run record.

Howard made his initial appearance with the Dodgers late in 1958. He blasted a line drive down the third-base line. The ball glanced off Duke Snider's shoulder and hit him on the ear. Snider was knocked unconscious and complained of dizzy spells for two weeks afterward.

As a youngster, Howard had ambitions to become a ball player. After he graduated from high school he entered Ohio State. In his sophomore year he hit .301 in 25 games. In 1957 a Dodger scout sent in a report that he had "major league power." Frank then signed with the Rapid City Chiefs of the Basin League in South Dakota. The manager, Guy Wellman, a former catcher in the Dodger chain of minor league teams, tipped off the parent Los Angeles Dodgers that the kid had the potential. Bert Wells, the Dodger scout, came to Rapid City. After an afternoon's inspection, Wells told Frank that the Dodgers were interested in his talents.

Wells had noted that Howard had a strong arm and hit a long ball from a widespread stance at the plate. His weakness was that of the average rookie. He displayed a tendency to lunge after a curve ball, something that could be remedied. His ability to hit liners that screeched as if propelled from a howitzer made the biggest impression on (Continued on page 40)

scout Wells.

Howard was signed for a bonus of more than $100,000.

In 1958 the Dodgers allowed him to play in the Dominican Republic's winter league. While there he had a Paul Bunyan appetite. After consuming a half-dozen chicken legs, he would eat a half-gallon of ice cream topped with strawberries.

Afterward Frank was assigned to the Green Bay team in Wisconsin. Early in June of '58 he was hitting .338!

In a game against Rochester he hit three homers, one to each field. Some said that one of those homers was hit one-handed, as his right hand had slipped from the bat! He finished the campaign with a .333 average and 37 home runs credited to him, one less than the league record! The legend of Frank Howard was growing, and he was still just a minor leaguer.

Called back to Los Angeles at the end of the season, he hit a home run off Robin Roberts, the Philadelphia Phillies' ace. The ball hit the billboard on the left-field roof of Connie Mack Stadium so hard that Philly outfielder Harry Anderson was scared that the billboard would topple over on his head.

While Frank was with Green Bay in the Three Eye League, he met and married Carol Johanski. Now they have two children.

In 1959 Howard played for Victoria in the Texas League. He was a sensation. In 63 games he hit .356 and racked up 27 home runs. The Los Angeles Dodgers, ultimately the National League pennant winners in '59, were in a midseason slump. Vice-president Buzzy Buvasi decided to call up the phenom from the Texas League.

Howard looked clumsy in his first games with the Dodgers, and he was sent to Spokane. Then he was recalled by the Dodgers. After an auspicious start he slumped. Even so, Frank led the Dodgers in home runs, with 23, and had 77 runs batted in, one less than his teammate, Norm Larker.

Frank struck out 108 times. His weakness has been a low outside curve. In his anxiety to drive the ball out of the ball park, he has gone fishing too often. He has to study the pitchers more intently. This will pay off with more experience. In the meantime, he has been trying to master the fundamentals.

"I'm still young and learning," says Howard.

The 245-pound giant definitely has the potential to become a right-handed Babe Ruth. If he makes good on that potential this season, place a bet on the Los Angeles Dodgers to win the 1961 National League pennant.

Manager Walt Alston is grooming the gigantic young fellow to replace the veteran Gil Hodges at first base. The fans who saw him hit a home run in the Memorial Coliseum, Los Angeles, will remember that the ball traveled more than 450 feet on the fly.

All Howard has to do is overcome the sophomore year jinx. He was named National League Rookie of the Year in 1960, but this, as the saying goes, is another year.

The Chicago Cubs have come up with two rookies who cost chewing gum magnate-owner P. K. Wrigley $200,000 in bonus money. The new kids are outfielder Danny Murphy and first baseman Mack Kuykendall.

The Pittsburgh Pirates are counting on Tom Parsons, up from Salt Lake City, to add strength to the Bucs' hurling corps.

The Milwaukee Braves have Bob "Hawk" Taylor, a $100,000-bonus-baby catcher who is not expected to replace Del Crandall yet, inasmuch as Del is regarded as the No. 1 catcher in the Naticnal League. Don Nottebart, a rookie pitcher, will remain with the Braves, too.

The St. Louis Cardinals are hopeful that Bob Miller, a 22-year-old bonus beauty, will deliver a few victories as pitcher this season.

The San Francisco Giants are counting on two rookies, Ray Deviault and Jim Duffalo to strengthen the pitching staff. Of course, the Giants have the sensational young Juan Marichal, who excited the Giant fans with a 6-2 record in his first season—1960.

The Cincinnati Reds have rookie pitchers Harvey Alex, John Flavin and Marv Fodor; plus Tom Harper, a second baseman who stole 26 bases and drew 76 walks in 79 games while with Topeka in 1960.

The Philadelphia Phillies figure their stars of tomorrow are Frank Herrera, Art Mahaffey, Bob Sadowski, Johnny Callison, Ruben Amaro and Jack Baldschun, up from the Sally League. Baldschun is a pitcher.

Before wrapping up the National League's rookie prospects, mention must be made of Willie "The Wisp" Davis, an outfielder with the Los Angeles Dodgers. He's from the Pacific Coast League; and Tommy Davis, another picket man, who hit .276 in his late-season debut of 1960. Backing up Howard, the Davis boys should be just a bit of extra pennant insurance for the Los Angeles Dodgers.

In the American League the 1960 champions, the New York Yankees, under rookie manager Ralph Houk, hope that Bill Stafford will repeat his late-season mound brilliance of 1960. In addition, the Yanks have high hopes for another rookie hurler, Roland Sheldon. The former University of Connecticut right-handed pitcher has been absorbing much good advice from the veteran pitchers, and they're pulling for him to remain with the Yanks, although his only previous pro experience was with Auburn in the Class D New York-Penn League. He finished the 1960 season with a gaudy 15 won and one lost record.

Deron Johnson, a Richmond rookie, may understudy Bill Skowron at first base. Jesse Gonder, a catcher, who hit .286 in seven games, after being brought up from Richmond, is another rookie who could help Houk if he isn't traded for a pitcher.

The Baltimore Orioles hope to get some good pitching from Estrada and Steve Barber, who was brought up from the Florida Class D League in time to win 10 games for the Orioles. Dave Nicholson, up from Miami, played 54 games for the Orioles in 1960. Manager Paul Richards looks to Dave to become a regular outfielder, if not this year, certainly in 1962.

The Boston Red Sox have a sweet prospect in catcher Jim Pagliaroni, who hit for .306, after arriving from Spokane in the Pacific Coast League late last year. Outfielder Paul Jernigan, from Allentown, a right-handed batter, is another good prospect. Carl Yastrzmski is rated as a successor to Ted Williams in left field.

The Chicago White Sox boast rookie hurlers Win Brown from Toronto, and Ed Drapcho, up from Mobile. Joe Martin is figured to be the regular third baseman for the Sox. He was with San Diego last season. Dean Look, from Lincoln, a .285 hitter; and Floyd Robinson, a left-handed batting outfielder who hit .318 at San Diego in 1960, are also expected to remain.

Manager Jimmy Dykes of the Cleveland Indians is banking on Hal Jones to help out on the left side of his infield. Jones is up from Reading, where he hit .299 in 1960. Mike Lee, a southpaw pitcher from Indianapolis in the American Association, is expected to remain as a member of the Indians' pitching staff.

The Detroit Tigers, managed by Bob Scheffing, are counting on Jake Wood of Elizabeth, New Jersey to become the regular second baseman. Joe Gordon, the Kansas City Athletics' pilot, is hopeful that Dick Howser, a shortstop, and Jim Archer, a lefty, will help his pitching corps. Archer is a newcomer from Dallas-Fort Worth. Another southpaw, Bob Hartman, from Louisville in the American Association, may be retained. Dave Wickersham, a right-hander, came up to the Athletics from Shreveport with a 10 won, 7 losses mark.

The best acquisition of the Los Angeles Angels, a new entry in the American League, is little Fritz Brickell, a shortstop, whom manager Bill Rigney obtained from the New York Yankees via Richmond, in trade for veteran pitcher Duke Maas.

The Minnesota Twins, formerly the Washington Senators, managed by Harry Lavagetto, bank on Zorro Versalles, up from Charleston, as their regular shortstop. He's a fancy infielder but a light hitter to date. A left-handed first baseman, Don Mincher, who's also a long-ball hitter, has been obtained from Charleston, where he hit .306 in 1960. Lamar Jacobs may work himself into the outfield. Jacobs banged the ball for .284 at Charleston.

The new Washington Senators, managed by Mickey Vernon, is an experimental team, which Gene Woodling, the outfielder from the Orioles, calls "The Foreign Legion," because so many of the veterans are from other American League teams. Among the rookies that pilot Vernon is counting on to remtain with the Senators are pitcher Rudy Hernandez, from Charleston, where he has an earned run average of 2.70; Hector Maestri, another hurler, who won 11 games for an earned run mark of .270 at Charlotte; and Ray Semproch, from Spokane, where he won 11 games and lost two. Gene Green, a rookie catcher from Miami, is expected to stick. He batted .274 in 136 games for the Sunshine City in 1960. Joe Hicks, a .303 hitter with San Diego, may become an outfield regular if he can hit within 15 points of his last year's average. Chuck Hinton, who batted .369 at Stockton in 1960, is another prime rookie prospect for the Senators.

The history of baseball contains constant mention of pennants won because one rookie broke through the barrier and made his presence felt to such an extent that he

(*Continued on page* 42)

NEW PRODUCTS FOR MEN

BISSELL CAR MASTER SHAMPOO AND APPLICATOR foam-cleans all car interiors and convertible tops. Just squeeze; no need to rub. Dries in minutes. A 13-oz. bottle of shampoo is $1.29; cleans more than one average interior. Applicator, $3. Complete kit $3.98. At automotive, department, grocery, variety, hardware stores.

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frustrated the odds-makers. Scarcely a year has gone by since World War II in which a good part of a team's pennant success hasn't been written around a newcomer.

Bill Stafford's big lift helped the Yankees win the '60 American League flag from a collection of ambitious rookies and sophomores of the Baltimore Orioles.

A rookie pitcher in relief roles meant the 1959 National League pennant for the Los Angeles Dodgers. His name, of course, is Larry Sherry. Another rookie, Maury Wills, helped plug a hole as shortstop. The Dodgers will tell you they could not have won without Sherry and Wills.

Retracing the years from World War II, it was a young catcher, Joe Gargagiola, now an author-radio-TV commentator, who helped the St. Louis Cardinals win a flag in 1946. His pal, Lawrence Peter "Yogi" Berra assisted the New York Yankees back into the throne room in his first year as a major leaguer—1947. Alternating in right field and back of the plate, Yogi hit .280 that year, the first of his fabulous career.

In that same season the Brooklyn Dodgers unveiled two crack rookies—Gil Hodges and Jackie Robinson.

In 1948 it was the same story of a youngster, southpaw Gene Bearden, who won 20 games for the Cleveland Indians and helped them win a flag. Cleveland played the Boston Braves in the World Series. The Braves had been sparked in their National League pennant drive by tall, young Alvin Dark at shortstop.

The Brooklyn Dodgers came up with another rookie pitching star in big Don Newcombe in the 1949 campaign. His catcher was a sophomore, Roy Campanella.

In 1950 the Philadelphia Phillies won the pennant, and two of their whiz kid rookie stars were pitcher Bubba Church and infielder Mike Goliat.

The big rookie star of 1950 was an American Leaguer, Whitey Ford of the New York Yankees. He came up from Kansas City in midseason, won 9 and lost one, and hurled like a veteran in the fourth and final game of the World Series.

In 1951 it was a National League rookie who was the standout—Willie Mays of the New York Giants. He led the Giants to a pennant, too.

The New York Yankees took pardonable pride in a couple of Yankee Stadium rookies—Mickey Mantle and Gil McDougald, both of whom came up in 1950. In fact, McDougald starred in the World Series game.

From 1952 through 1958 there were other newcomers who helped to solidify clubs in their pennant drives. There was lean Joe Black of the Brooklyn Dodgers' pitching corps in '52. Roger Craig and Don Bessent won honors in 1955 for the same team. Big Don McMahon was the Braves' relief ace in 1957, and hard-throwing Ryne Duren became a sensation with the Yankees in 1958.

The record shows that the club which can pinpoint the right rookies among its veteran talent is the team that moves ahead of the field.

Think that over when you're figuring out the teams to bet on to win the pennants in the National and American League races of 1961. THE END

VIGILANTE SAM: THE TERROR OF THE TARTS

(Continued from page 23)

attacked and killed Emilio's wife this morning. Give them up and we won't hurt the rest of you men. Protect the devils and we'll throw you all in the bay!"

There were about forty-five Ducks in the tavern. They were crowded at the bar, playing cards at greasy tables, snoring drunkenly on hard benches in the rear. At Sam's words, there was muttering, and dirty looks flew like confetti.

Four Vigilantes carried hemp ropes which already had been looped into hangmen's knots.

Liverpool Jack, a weedy fellow with a hoarse voice and a yellowish pallor, said ingratiatingly: "No cause to be huffy, guv! Lord luv me, you can settle things your own way with the lads who done it. I ain't goin' to fight for 'em. Purdy, Hammond, Jenkins, Singh—git out, all of ye! I'll not 'ave us bloodied up just to save yer precious hides!"

The four Sydney Ducks who had raped and killed pretty Antonia Suzzi pushed back their chairs and made a dive for big Sam Brannan. Purdy, blood still dripping from his shoulder, was a shaven-headed lout who had been a life-term prisoner in Queenstown for slaying his father and two brothers.

Joyously Sam Brannan responded to this challenge of brute force. He raised his knee and it connected with Purdy's stubbled jaw. The escaped convict reeled and fell face-down in the sawdust, knocked out by the impact.

The other Vigilantes let Sam handle the remaining Ducks in his own fashion.

With a fist of granite hardness he smashed and deflected the arm of Petey Jenkins, a safecracker who was approaching him warily from the left. A straight-edged razor fell from Jenkins' hand. Brannan kicked it aside.

Hammond, the third Duck, collapsed into a sobbing mound of jelly as Sam Brannan kicked him savagely in the groin. Only Ali Singh was left to deal with.

Singh, a slightly-built, lynx-eyed man in a dirty turban, was a Thuggee. Like all members of that wild sect, he was adept at garroting. His favorite method of killing was to wind a pink silken sash tightly around the necks of his victims.

Now he crouched and circled the big man, waiting to leap at Sam like a small, ferocious monkey. Once on his back, Singh could apply the pressure with his sash and choke the life from Brannan. But he hadn't reckoned with the big editor's agility, though Sam's weight exceeded 200 pounds and he was 37 years old.

With an oath the Lincolnesque Vigilante chief lowered his leonine head and ran full tilt against the Thuggee. The battering-ram technique worked. The strangling sash went flying as Ali Singh, bent double in agony, collapsed and fell on top of Purdy.

There was a respectful silence in Ganders' saloon. His polished boots flashing, Brannan kicked the sullen rapists one by one out into the sunlight of Portsmouth Square. Behind him the members of the Vigilance Committee watched Sam admiringly. The huge blacksmith beamed. Dr. Sloane nodded approval. Herbert Stokes, the grocer, jumped up and down in his glee.

Only one Vigilante looked dourly at the man who had taken on and beaten four of the most ruthless killers among the Sydney Ducks. This San Franciscan was a small, dyspeptic man whose eyes were like twin flints. He was Kevin R. Bledsoe, a moneylender, whose usurious business had been seriously undermined by open-handed Sam Brannan's practice of lending sums to hundreds of men and women at little or no interest.

Bledsoe had winced and stifled his disappointment each time Sam bested an adversary. He yearned to see one of the Sydney Ducks shoot or stab Brannan.

"You're Mr. Big in the city now and praise is music in your ears, Sam," Bledsoe thought acidly. "But the time will come when folks will avoid you and spit out your name like a bullet. I'll see to that!"

Jenkins was the first to be hanged.

"I'll cut the rope myself, men," said Sam Brannan. "There's nothing like hanging human vermin to give me an appetite for lunch."

As the limp figure of Jenkins spun idly in the breeze from the bay five blocks away, Sam consulted his big gold watch, the case of which was engraved: "To our own Vigilante Sam, from San Francisco friends who appreciate law and order."

"I'm ten minutes late for lunch, gentlemen," he announced. "Now, if you'll excuse me, you'll have to hang the others yourselves. There's a new chef at the Palace Hotel and I want to try his omelets."

His stovepipe hat firmly clamped on his head, Brannan strode up Kearney Street. He smiled affectionately at the bustling city. San Francisco was busy and prosperous. He knew that it was up to the Vigilantes to make it safe and law-abiding as well.

Seven years before, the barkentine *Brooklyn* had appeared off Yerba Buena—as San Francisco was then called—with this man whose warm personality and many talents were to stamp him forever on the heart and mind of the West's greatest city.

Up on Russian Hill old Daniel Gibbs, a one-eyed veteran of the War of 1812, sat on his porch and glued a rheumy eye to his brass telescope, which he trained on incoming vessels.

"Glory be!" he cackled. "There's a tall feller on the deck, Yankee by the cut of his jib, who's got a dozen purty women a-tuggin' at his coat tails. How in tarnation can one feller have so many gals?"

Then old Gibbs almost swallowed his quid of tobacco as he saw something else in his spyglass. Some fifty men, armed with cutlasses, swords and rifles, crowded around the tall man and waved their weapons threateningly at the Indians, Mexicans and white men on the dock.

The tall stranger was the first passenger

to march down the gangplank, followed by his armed men and his women. Striking a heroic posture, he shouted to the people on shore: "My name is Sam Brannan and I've come to take Yerba Buena in the name of the United States of America! Lay down your arms, surrender peaceably, and you have nothing to fear. Fight, and you'll regret it!"

He glanced up Telegraph Hill, where the American flag, instead of the colors of Mexico, fluttered in a spanking wind from the sea. Brannan's jaw sagged in amazement.

Dr. William Sloane, a friendly man of 30 in a homespun jacket, stepped forward and spoke. "Sorry, friend, but somebody beat you to it. Yerba Buena is American territory now, thank God. Twenty days ago Capt. Montgomery in the sloop of war *Portsmouth* arrived here and hoisted Old Glory. We're glad to be Americans now. But welcome, anyway."

THIS much may be said about Sam Brannan; he could take a joke on himself. At the doctor's words, the would-be liberator slumped against a molasses barrel and laughed until tears stained his expensive tie and waistcoat.

Between guffaws he gasped out his story to the bystanders. Newspaperman, Indian fighter, Mormon elder and land speculator, Sam had a printing press, some Holland cheese, 150 armed men, sixty women and children, and his own dozen wives and concubines aboard the *Brooklyn*.

Brannan told his new friends that he was a political rival of Brigham Young, who was leading his own followers to Utah at this very time. Sam yearned to make California the heart of the new Mormon empire.

This conflict between two dynamic men was to have strange consequences later, when a deadly war of riflemen was waged intermittently for five years between Brannan's "Exterminators" and Young's "Destroying Angels," or *Danites*, as the Utah prophet called his men.

There was trouble of a different kind the first night Sam Brannan was in town. In the Golden Hind, a bagnio operated by Esmeralda Silva, a portly and moustached woman from Vera Cruz, the girls who worked in the establishment clustered at the windows and smirked. They murmured extravagant, even lascivious, compliments as they beheld Sam walking with his giant stride around the plaza.

He was inspecting this former Mexican stronghold which was soon to be called San Francisco. His heavy sideburns, flashing dark eyes and fashionable clothing caused the bawds to whistle and yell endearments and invitations.

The tall man looked coldly at the half-clad women and went on without acknowledging them. One girl, a moody knife-carrier known as "Drawstrings," had too much liquor in her and told her colleagues angrily: "No stranger can do that to me! Mr. High-hat has his nerve, giving us the go-by like that!"

Drawstrings, a sultry blonde with a naturally vicious temper, slipped out of Madame Silva's place and went along Sansome Street in pursuit of Brannan. Flitting like a wraith behind trees and wagons, the drunken woman cursed and drew a stiletto from a canvas sheath which was opened and closed by the drawstrings from which she got her nickname.

Brannan had been a woodsman in Ohio during his youth. His ears, attuned to the unfriendly crackle of a twig or branch, now detected the girl's soft footsteps. He stopped abruptly and swerved just as the woman, with a foul phrase on her lips, leaped forward with the upraised knife.

The blade caught the Mormon on the right shoulder and it inflicted a superficial wound. Wrenching the weapon from her, he twisted Drawstrings' arm painfully and shoved her hard against a brick wall.

"A reception committee of one, eh, my girl?" Brannan said cuttingly. "Now you've bloodied my jacket, which came from the best haberdasher in Philadelphia. Sluts are all alike. I'll have to make an example of you."

Ignoring her screams and long-nailed fingers, which tore at his beard and cheeks, he picked up the woman and slung her over his uninjured shoulder. By now windows were flung wide and people gaped at the novel sight.

Big Sam carried the kicking woman to the steps of the small wooden city hall. He bellowed into the night air: "Listen, you people! My name is Sam Brannan and I'm a peaceable man. I hate thieves, drunks and prostitutes. This city has plenty of each. So tonight I will teach Yerba Buena's painted women this lesson: Have some respect for law and order or get out of town!"

With Drawstrings' own knife he proceeded to cut off the blonde's long tresses, slicing the hair close to the scalp. She looked like a tear-tained doll.

Near by was a vat of still-warm tar used in filling the chuck holes of Vallejo Street. Ignoring her tears and pleas, Brannan peeled off her cheap finery and dunked the nude woman in the gooey stuff up to her white neck. San Francisco's early settlers roared with mirth and shouted approvingly.

The newcomer dusted his elegant beaver hat and walked with jaunty step to the Palace Hotel, where his little harem awaited him. For Sam, a lusty fellow, was not a man to stifle the cravings of the flesh.

(*Continued on page* 44)

"It's my husband's!"

Despite his aversion for professional light ladies, the big man had superb glandular and physical endowments which made him a sought-after lover.

He mentally ticked off which wife would receive his favors that night.

IN the weeks that followed Sam was a busy man in the bustling city. His first task was to build a suitable house for his wives, mistresses and children on the corner of Union and Kearney Streets. Here, in a rambling structure filled with gaiety and known for its dinner parties, Brannan became a civic leader in booming Yerba Buena almost overnight.

His printing press and type were more precious than gold, for Sam created the first newspaper in the city, the *California Star,* a bold and challenging weekly which was snapped up at a dollar a copy as soon as it was off the press.

"We need a public school in Yerba Buena!" he thundered editorially. "Only fools would build a city without a school for their children."

The town got the school.

Sam secretly bought up some real estate, then proceeded to sing its praises in his paper, and turned over the land for a huge profit. He acquired $300,000 during his first year in California; it was only the start of the vast fortune of the restless, ever-seeking man who was to die a pauper.

When the city council changed Yerba Buena's name to San Francisco, stormy editor Brannan would have none of it. "Yerba Buena sounds better; San Francisco will never be mentioned in the columns of the *Star!*"

For six months he ignored the new name of the town, but capitulated at last. Sending a magnum of champagne to the *alcalde,* or mayor, Sam said graciously: "I am a stubborn, opinionated man. But if San Francisco is what the people want, who am I to stand in their way?"

Far to the east in Utah's fertile Salt Lake valley, Brigham Young, still smarting over the defection of Sam Brannan and 150 Mormon men, ordered his Destroying Angels to seek out and punish his rival.

On November 4, 1847 six somber men riding lathered and dust-coated horses cantered into Portsmouth Square in San Francisco. Their leader was a lean man with fanatical, close-set eyes, who gruffly announced his name was Amos Partridge.

"We be lookin' for Sam Brannan," he said. "I have a message for him."

Newton Farris, the wheelwright, pointed to the building which housed the *California Star.* "There is your man, friend, seated at his desk writing editorials for the next issue."

Whatever saved Brannan's life at this moment is not known. But the man seemed to have a built-in sense of danger. As he glanced up from his roll-top desk, the editor looked squarely into six rifle barrels. His foot gave a mighty shove and the paper-littered desk reared up, affording a momentary screen for Brannan.

Crawling on his belly through the print shop, Sam reached the cabinet where his rifles and pistols were kept. But a bullet fired by Amos Partridge tore into the skull of elderly Louis Wayne, Sam's printer, killing him instantly.

Brannan ran to the rear of the building and climbed a ladder to the roof. From behind a chimney he raked the street with his own bullets. Partridge died first; one bullet went through his eye, three others tore off his scalp.

Two other Destroying Angels perished within minutes. Three of Brigham Young's men managed to remount their horses and flee from San Francisco and Sam Brannan's murderous hail of bullets.

But over the years there always were other would-be assassins to take their place.

Within a year Sam Brannan had visited a score of settlements and mining camps, investing in whatever venture struck his fancy. At New Helvetia on the American River Sam opened a general store and listened open-mouthed to Swiss-born John Sutter's stories of gold near by.

It was on January 5, 1848 that an emissary from his friend Sutter pounded on the door of Sam's home at 2 a.m. and insisted on seeing the editor. Sam, who had just acquired a new wife—a pert 19-year-old farm girl from Indiana named Joy Belle—was reluctant to come down to the parlor and see the visitor.

"Show him this nugget!" the man barked to the Mexican woman servant. "He'll come down. Any man would, regardless of who's in his bed."

Moments later big Sam clattered down the stairs, still in his nightshirt, his face aglow with the lust for gold instead of womanflesh.

"Where was it found?" he yelled. "This is the biggest chunk I've ever seen. It must be worth $3,000!"

That very night Brannan rode to Knight's Landing, pausing only long enough to eat and change horses. He went on to Vacaville, took a new mount, and galloped into Sacramento, where John Sutter pleaded: "Sam, keep this a secret. Tell as few people as possible that we've found gold. It will bring thousands of men here who will spoil it for us."

But Sam Brannan, with the instincts of a true newspaperman, couldn't restrain himself. After staking his own claim on the American River (which never panned out), he hurried back to San Francisco. Like a man in delirium, he raced from store to store and house to house, shouting: "Gold! There's a fortune for everybody 90 miles from here. Look at this gold dust in the bottle; we're all going to be rich!"

Like a Pied Piper of the gold fields, Brannan led hundreds of San Franciscans to the American River. These people were followed by a horde of humanity in the ensuing months, pouring in from every state and every country.

Brannan himself made no profit from gold, but he coined money in fantastic amounts, selling miners' supplies, calico, groceries, sugar, coffee, flour and his newspapers. While other men went broke or struck it big in the gold fields, Brannan grew wealthier than anyone else from his stores, mills, real estate and other enterprises.

Many gold-seekers arrived broke and desperately needing a grubstake. A principal source of funds was Kevin Bledsoe, a wizened New Englander known as "30 Per Cent Kevin" because of the outrageous interest he charged for loans.

Millionaire Brannan loathed the little moneylender because of his avarice. He announced in the *Star*: "Need money? See Sam Brannan. An honest face is your collateral. No interest charged in deserving cases."

While Bledsoe fumed, Brannan lent $45,000 at little or no interest the first week after his ad appeared. His name was blessed by the prospectors he befriended.

When Bledsoe upbraided him on Montgomery Street one morning, Sam lifted the little loan shark a foot off the ground and shook him until his false teeth fell out.

"You're a rich man, Kevin, and I've nothing against wealth. But sweating blood from other men isn't my way of making a fortune. Behave yourself and we'll be friends."

Although they shook hands skinny Kevin Bledsoe seethed with hatred for Sam Brannan, who had humiliated him before a group of snickering men in front of the stock exchange.

Sam didn't know it then, but he had made a formidable enemy.

WITH the incoming tide of gold-seekers came fresh trouble. The flotsam and scum of the world, drawn by easy pickings, descended on the city, which overnight became a cesspool of vice and crime. Of all the human jackals who tore at the city's vitals, none could equal the Sydney Ducks for brutality, daring and senseless cruelty. Sam's quill pen trembled with anger as he wrote a celebrated editorial titled "To Arms!" It read: "In a single month forty-six women were raped in our fair city, some in broad daylight and usually by the Sydney Ducks. There have been thirty-four murders in the same period. The morgue reeks from unburied bodies, day and night. We have had 160 thefts resulting in a loss of $200,000 to merchants and householders.

"But where is our sheriff? He sits in Al Ganders' saloon playing cards with Liverpool Jack and other killers, taking a sizable cut of the underworld's illicit profits in return for looking the other way. I appeal for volunteers to wipe the tarnish from law and order in our city!"

The editorial stung San Francisco to action. When the fiery editor sent a printed invitation to fifty top citizens to attend a secret organizing meeting of a vigilance committee, forty-nine men showed up. The fiftieth was in bed with the mumps.

"We will call ourselves Vigilantes and we will be fair, speedy and remorseless in dispensing justice," said Brannan. "The riffraff who are terrorizing our city appreciate just one thing—strong medicine. We'll ladle it out at the end of our ropes."

Grimly he lifted a 30-foot length of hemp from a type bin. The end was looped into a hangman's noose. Sam put on his octagonal spectacles and read from a sheet of foolscap: "This is the testimony of Rita Keller, who was attacked in Gut Bucket Alley on the Barbary Coast two nights ago when she went to the store to get milk for her babies. Alex Seaton, a Sydney Duck, beat her with a metal rod until she had fifty-six broken bones, according to Dr. Sloane.

"The brute stripped the clothes from Mrs. Keller, a 25-year-old widow whose husband was killed three months ago when other Ducks robbed his tallow store, then set the place afire. As other members of the gang looked on, Seaton ravished the woman three times, then smashed her face with a whisky bottle. She is disfigured for life. What is the verdict, gentlemen?"

The Vigilantes, all respectable citizens, looked at one another for moral support. This was to be the first of a hundred such sentences they passed in the next two years.

"We have decided on hanging, Mr. Brannan," said Ferguson, the druggist.

This first extralegal execution by the Vigilantes stunned the city. When the four men who had killed the barber Suzzi's wife were hanged a few weeks later, the Sydney Ducks went on the defensive. Brannan was the hero of the hour in San Francisco. Huddled in their holes and cheap taverns, the Ducks discussed the Vigilantes' threat to their operations.

"I'll take care of that bastard Brannan," said Willie Hotchkiss.

Willie had been a hostler, then a mechanic, before he turned to robbery in Leeds, England, his home town.

Late that night he stole into Sam Brannan's barn and busied himself with the gleaming coach which Brannan used for traveling between Sacramento and San Francisco.

The next day when the Vigilantes' chief was on his way to Benicia, the coach wobbled and shivered, then the right wheel fell off. Brannan and his driver, Abe Murphy, were pitched into a ravine. Murphy was dead, victim of a fractured skull when his head hit a boulder. Brannan suffered a broken hand and lacerations of the scalp.

A tipster from the Barbary Coast whom he had befriended came to the editor's office two days later and whispered: "It was Willie Hotchkiss who done it, sir. He's been abraggin' how he almost fixed your clock!"

It was after midnight in the brothel of Lady Anne Fortescue, a resort favored by the Sydney Ducks, who relished Anne's flow of profanity and her generosity with whisky. Hotchkiss, a man of 30, with a whinnying laugh and the heart of a killer, was regaling the prostitutes with the story of Sam Brannan's close brush with death after he had tampered with the coach wheel.

"Hotchkiss, I want you!"

All eyes turned to the door, where Sam Brannan stood with a lariat in his right hand. His left hand, broken when the coach wheel rolled off, was in a sling. Willie said something vile and reached for his pistol. The lariat snaked out and wound around his arm, pinioning his hands.

Sam reeled Willie in like a fish and handed him over to three Vigilantes who waited in the foyer of the house. "Take him to the pier, gentlemen. I'll be along shortly."

At the dock on the Embarcadero Willie Hotchkiss, his bravado gone, quaked and begged for mercy. The Vigilantes gave him a hard look.

A surrey clattered up and Sam Brannan and Morantz, the husky blacksmith, climbed out. Between them they hoisted the 200-pound wheel which had rolled off Brannan's carriage after the cotter pin had been sawed almost in half by the Sydney Duck.

"This shall be a millstone around your neck and a reminder of your sins, Willie," decreed Sam, affixing the heavy wheel to the terrified man by means of hasps and chains. "It killed my driver Murphy after you tampered with it; now it shall do the same for you."

Six Vigilantes tugged and yanked at the jabbering, fear-crazed man. Weighted down by the huge wheel, Willie plummeted like a stone into the clear bay water. Brannan and his friends peered over the edge of the dock; they could see the outlaw 30 feet down, red froth and bubbles trailing up from his mouth as he fought to live. But the big wheel held him like an anchor on the sea bottom until he was dead.

Sam Brannan said: "We all deserve a drink after this. Leave Willie where he is; the other Sydney Ducks can see him in the morning down in the water. It will be an impressive lesson."

It was. Three months later the Ducks drifted away from a city made intolerable for them by the raids and hangings led by the fighting editor.

BY 1856 Brannan owned one-third of San Francisco and one-fourth of Sacramento. Always generous, he gave money lavishly to charity, civic committees, down-and-outers, and founded the Society of California Pioneers. He became an international financier and lent large sums to the struggling government of Mexico.

After three more abortive attempts on his life, Sam's Mormon enemies from Utah gave up trying to assassinate the durable Brannan. He was left in peace with his wives and his money; life was good.

But the moneylender, Kevin Bledsoe, changed all that.

"Sam," he said one day in the newspaper office, "you and I have fought at times, but I don't want to stand in the way of you making more money. I'm investing in Napa land; no reason why you shouldn't, too."

The crafty usurer took Brannan in a buggy 50 miles from San Francisco to the Napa valley, which had medicinal springs used by the Indians.

"Think of it, Sam," Bledsoe said. "You can build an American Saratoga here, a hotel which will be a real palace and money-maker. It will bear your name. People will flock here for the cure and for social prestige."

The plan sounded good to Sam Brannan. "I'll name it Calistoga," he said, "combining California and Saratoga for the name. I'll never forget you for this, Kevin."

Within six months Brannan poured $1,400,000 down a bottomless drain, for the proposed resort area was hard to reach, had many deadly snakes, and was dotted with quicksand pits. One such pit swallowed up Sam's horse and buggy, and he barely escaped with his life.

On a fall day in 1859 the California Pacific Bank called him in, and the bank president told him bluntly: "Sam, you're finished. You wouldn't listen and you've gone broke, wasting money on that fool project called Calistoga. Sorry, but we have to take your collateral—the house, the paper, the stores, even your horses."

One month later proud Sam Brannan, San Francisco's erstwhile No. 1 citizen, was selling lead pencils on Montgomery Street. Men who had fawned on him now crossed the street to avoid meeting him. New hoodlums pelted him with rotten fruit. Women sniffed and turned their heads.

Dazed and unseeing from too much liquor, the man stood numbly, holding out pencils which few people bought.

Then one day he heard Kevin Bledsoe boast in Worley's Bar: "I fixed that arrogant Sam Brannan! Ruined him good, I did, with that talk about a hotel which would bear his name, the conceited fool. Sam fell for it and now he's broke."

The unshaved man in the tattered frock coat turned quietly away and hastened from the saloon. At 10 p.m. that night, as Bledsoe was putting his horse in the stable adjoining his house on Gough Street, cruelly strong arms pinioned him and a gag was thrust into his mouth.

"You're coming for a little trip, Kevin," said Sam Brannan. He was sober now, and the cold gleam of fanaticism and vengeance was in his pouched eyes. "Get back in the carriage!"

They drove all night in Bledsoe's rig, jouncing over rubbly roads, fields, cliffs and through forests. As dawn mottled the sky over the Pacific, Sam reined in the exhausted horse and pointed to a silvery gray pool in the ground.

"It's quicksand, Kevin. Sucks a man's life the way you took my fortune with a scheme you knew would fail."

Bledsoe couldn't speak; the gag was still in his mouth. The little moneylender's eyes rolled desperately and the whites showed. He made frantic efforts to break his bonds. But his struggle was useless.

Sam Brannan, a tall and melancholy figure in the pasty dawn light, held the man by his neck and gently lowered him into the pit. There was a gurgle, a widening ripple and a sucking noise as the sand pulled at the little man. Brannan let go.

Inch by inch the struggling usurer went down into the sandy grave. Blood filled Bledsoe's eyes; he had hemorrhaged in his panic.

Twenty minutes later the sand reached his nose and then climbed to his hairline. When it covered his head, Sam Brannan, a bent and careworn avenger, climbed back into the buggy and drove away.

Sam never returned to his beloved San Francisco, whose first citizen he had been. He drove south and disappeared. Years later travelers reported seeing him in a Mexican border *pueblo*, living with two devoted Indian wives.

The man was in his 50's, gray-haired and lined, but he had just returned from the countryside, where he had soundly thrashed a man who had stolen three eggs from a needy widow.

This was not surprising, for Sam Brannan had his own ideas about justice and would always take direct action when law and order broke down or were nonexistent.

THE END

LEBENSBORN

(Continued from page 19)

projects, which to his pseudo-scientific mind, filled with Teuton myth and pagan gods, would create an elite of Aryans. These people, he hoped, would eventually inherit the Nazi-dominated world.

Among his ideas, as outlined to his personal masseur Kersten, whom he trusted completely, was the establishment of a Nazi "high school," where especially fine specimens of Nordic womanhood would be indoctrinated with "wisdom and culture," as the Nazis practiced it. Only mentally and physically superior blondes were to be admitted to this most exclusive school, to further a society of "aristocratic women," trained like Spartans, to become suitable wives for high-ranking Nazis and heroes of the German Army who had received the *Ritterkreuz* medal, Hitler's highest decoration.

Himmler also had a plan to legalize bigamy as a reward to those valiant warriors who had distinguished themselves on the battlefield. The Gestapo chief reasoned that his brave heroes mated with superior-educated girls would spawn a new, courageous German race without flaw or imperfections. This formidable flow of offsprings would be used as obedient cannon fodder for Hitler's world conquests.

Himmler was advised on the subject by Alfred Rosenberg, the top Nazi race theorist, and became convinced of his mission to create a pure German race, one that was not tainted, corrupted or made impure by mongrel strains. Himmler also hoped that through the establishment of more institutions like *Lebensborn*, every German woman up to 30 years of age, married or unmarried, would produce at least one child for the Third Reich.

It was a warm summer day. From the red-tiled village of Schmallenog in the valley below, *Lebensborn*, high on one of the Rothaar mountain peaks and outlined against the blue sky, looked like a castle designed by a 20th Century architect. Huge glass windows glistened in the sun. Smoke peacefully curled over the treetops. The Nazi flag lazily flapped in the wind, high above the cleanly designed lines of the dormitories, recreation rooms and lecture halls.

Operation *Lebensborn* was still a secret, and the mass of the German population had no knowledge that the wild theories of Hitler, Himmler and Rosenberg were already being put into practice as early as 1936.

Happy voices and gay laughter echoed from the wooded heights as the *SS Obersturmbannfuehrer* proceeded to give a lecture on the vital importance of propagating Nazi children to the fifty beautiful, long-limbed girls listening with rapt attention under the open skies.

They squatted on the grass, forming a circle, while the SS officer, with cruel, yet handsome looks, studied the hypnotic effect of his presence on the young girls.

"A pretty lot," he thought to himself.

He looked them over individually, calmly confident of his power to stir their bodies with an inkling of intimacy. In some of their eyes he recognized signs of nervousness, a touch of hesitancy and confusion, where a corner of their minds still refused to surrender completely to the task ahead.

"*Kameradinnen!*" he shouted suddenly, with clenched fists extending to his sides. "Are you all National Socialists?"

"Yes, we are!" they shouted back at him, with a tinge of hysteria.

"From the bottom of your hearts? With all of your power?" he went on.

"Yes, we are!" they replied in one uniform roar.

"Do you believe in the *Fuehrer's* cause?" Balancing on his toes, he swung around with a circular motion, while his fingers unclenched and reached upward, entreating the ancient gods of Valhalla.

Carried away by the spectacle, the girls, breathing heavily, shouted: "Yes, we do believe in our *Fuehrer's* cause!"

Some of them became aroused by the splendid athletic figure of the *Obersturmbannfuehrer* standing on his toes, frozen still for an instant like a statue of Siegfried slaying the dragon.

He glanced down at the submissive yet inflamed group of girls, flavoring the full effect his theatrical gesture had produced. He was satisfied that the desired impact had been achieved.

HE stalked between them silently, with his hands clasped behind his back, sometimes stopping to address a favored face glowing with fanaticism.

"The *Fuehrer* thanks all of you in the name of the reborn Fatherland. You represent the elite, chosen from a number of volunteers all over the Reich, who will become brides, not of individuals, not of the *Fuehrer* or even the party, but brides for a new Germany. I congratulate all of you!"

With the peaceful stillness of the deep forest surrounding them, and the yellow haze of fertile cornfields reflecting in the valley, the SS man's speech expounding Himmler's cockeyed theories sounded like a sacrilege, an effrontery to the natural beauty of the scenery.

"We have made extensive enquiries into your background and ancestry. You are of pure Aryan stock as far back as the 17th and 18th Centuries."

He slowly marched along the outer circle. The young ladies strained their heads to keep an eye on him. He raised his voice, as if he were drilling recruits for future combat.

"There are some basic facts about genetics it is necessary for you to understand," he said. "In your schools and at your group meetings most of you have learned that almost all human traits, together with their flaws and imperfections, are handed down through the generations by chromosomes in the nuclei of the cells, determining the characteristics of the child."

His alert eyes assessed the mood of his female audience, who although probably not too familiar with all the technicalities

(*Continued on page* 48)

Saar River girls salute Adolf Hitler.

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- ☐ Sanitary Engineer
- ☐ Sewage Plant Operator
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting & Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineer Drafting
- ☐ Industrial Piping Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Motor Repairman
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ H. S. College Prep. (Eng'r'g & Science)
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Science
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Heating and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Plumbing and Heating
- ☐ Professional Engineer
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing
- ☐ TV Technician

RAILROAD
- ☐ General Railroad

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engines

TEXTILE
- ☐ General

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to P.M._____

Occupation_____

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of the subject, were intelligent enough to know what the *Obersturmbannfuehrer* was driving at. Most of them were impatient. So far nothing very exciting had happened, although they were kept busy all day. There were repeat lessons in Nazi ideology, and they were taught stirring marching songs. They had been through the medical laboratories, where blood had been taken from their veins and their nude bodies had been prodded with cold instruments by Nazi gyneacologists. Their skulls had been measured, the color of their eyes noted carefully, and the shape of their noses attentively observed. They had been taken on long early-morning hikes to strengthen their legs and build up their endurance.

The voice of the SS officer interrupted any further daydreams. "It has been scientifically established that through generations the same aptitudes can be preserved of whatever qualities are inherent in the progenitors. Therefore, it must follow that two racially pure Aryans, ideally mated, must produce babies who will inherit a great deal of their parents' superior characteristics. Do you understand that?"

Fifty blonde heads, some of them carefully braided, nodded.

"Here in *Lebensborn* we do not object to a true and fine love between two suitable partners, but we have no room for sensuous erotics, which is a sign of decadence. It is the desire of *Reichfuehrer* Himmler that *Lebensborn* will eventually become a home for racially pure women who will give birth to illegitimate babies and make it possible for these unmarried mothers to enjoy their pregnancy in harmonious surroundings and look forward eagerly to the birth of their child. We also have married women among us whose patriotism has led them here to fulfill their duty to the new Germany. Everybody here will be called by her first name; there will be no difference between wed and unwed mothers. This is democracy in its purest form. *Heil* Hitler, ladies, and good luck!"

"*Heil* Hitler!" They scrambled to their feet, with their arms knifing through the air, returning the Nazi salute.

"I guess love has nothing to do with pregnancy any more," one girl ventured to say.

Her friends looked up, startled, as if her remark contained a poisonous germ of subversiveness. The girls were dismissed and sent to their rooms.

The dormitories were large and airy, each with a dozen beds and supervised by *Jungmadelfuehrerinnen*, BDM officers. These female leaders were strict and demanded unquestioning obedience. They wore dark skirts and white blouses. Their appearance was one of stark simplicity. Their neat hair was combed back severely, and their long braids were rolled with meticulous care into buns at the back of their heads. Their footwear consisted of low-heeled sensible shoes, while their black stockings permitted only a haphazard guess at the shape of their legs. They had carried the aura of naturalness to the point where everything about their person had become desexed in an effort to appear pure and functional.

The girls who later on found mates were taken out of the dormitories and moved to another section of the building.

The dormitories were as spotlessly clean as operating rooms. Only a few personal belongings were allowed. Certain books could be obtained at the library. It's doubtful if at any other place in Germany, the works of Alfred Rosenberg, the high priest of Nazi racial nonsense, were studied with more seriousness than in the *Lebensborn* baby factories.

Flowers were encouraged to give the rooms an air of *Gemuetlichkeit*. It had been decided that a certain amount of scenery added the proper amount of femininity to the surroundings without danger of becoming excessively romantic.

Lebensborn did not encourage lasting love affairs. Love was a sign of weakness. The biological manifestations had to be channeled to work for the good of the country. The time and energies of the SS elite were not to be taxed or burdened with domestic problems or other energy-consuming bourgeois pursuits. The State took care of everything.

THE day before, a group of carefully chosen SS officers had arrived from Munich, where they had already undergone extensive physical tests. Yet no chances were taken in *Lebensborn* of receiving a dud incapable of fathering a child. The SS men were stripped and examined with the same exhaustive attention as the girls.

Each one was handed a glass tube, sent to a cubicle and ordered to fill it up with a sample of semen. Having passed the final physical fitness test, the men were given one more pep talk on racial purity before being sent to the sexual battlefront. Having every centimeter of their anatomy analyzed, their intelligence tested and their ideology strengthened by a number of fanatic speakers, the final plan of *Lebensborn* was about to be put into action—the serious business of producing babies who in later years would nobly die performing their duties as Nazis supermen, rarely knowing their fathers or mothers.

The first contact between male and female was made in the huge recreation room, where for once the monotonous marching rhythm gave way to some popular recordings of the day. A number of men and girls sat next to one another in a semicircle around the gigantic arch-shaped fireplace, crackling with warm, friendly flames. They discussed politics and sports, never mentioning love or the reason that had brought them to *Lebensborn*. There was a bar that served milk and fruit juices. Alcohol was taboo; it only led to fights, brooding sentimentality and impeded sexual prowess.

Each member stayed at *Lebensborn* for fourteen days; time enough to discover a partner and fulfill the primary function of the *Lebensborn* philosophy, with very little time left over to dally with the woman who was to be mother of the child they would in most cases never see.

About eighty men and girls were assembled in the recreation room. They danced, played table tennis or engaged in stiff, formal conversation, each acutely aware of the purpose of his or her mission as they entered into the final stretch of the Nazi Party's mating season.

There was an air of exaggerated propriety and high morals among these young people. Flippancy was frowned upon. The SS men and their BDM partners conducted their expenses-paid courtship in a correct and exemplary manner.

Usually half of the group managed to pair off successfully the first evening. This meant that unless there was a valid medically-approved reason to prevent consumation, a pair had to spend the entire fourteen days on this off-beat State-financed honeymoon.

On occasion an especially fine productive specimen of the SS was sent to one of the other *Lebensborn* institutions, where he could impart more of his fine manly qualities to the coming generation.

A girl completing her first sexual encounter was put down in the carefully kept records as having been booked.

Intimacy was conducted in special rooms reserved for this purpose on the second floor of the building. Before going up to these rooms both participants had to have their cards stamped by an BDM officer, whose desk in the hallway became known as the "passion register."

Once couples were booked they were encouraged to get together as frequently as possible. Visits to the second floor were noted with the usual Teutonic efficiency on each individual's index card.

All couples were not constantly supervised. Those showing harmonious progress in their relationship could enjoy trips to the valley and eat lunch at the quaint village of Schmallenog. Many took long walks to the Ruhr and Eder Rivers, where they could swim and frolic in solitude or simply enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Rothaar Mountains.

The *Lebensborn* institution at Schmallenog was not the only breeding establishment set aside for the SS men and their girls. Other places were organized at Erndtenbruck, Winterberg, Altenhunden and Berleburg. But the one at Schmallenog was regarded as the most pleasant of the lot. In its pleasant natural surroundings it wasn't too difficult for healthy young couples to pretend they were falling in love. Everything was perfectly legal, all troubles were taken care of by the State; even the last moral barriers which some individuals must have harbored in *Lebensborn*.

The SS men were regarded as pure-bred stallions, free to romp in the pastures as long as they sowed their wild oats with the partner recommended to them by Himmler's lackeys.

After the fourteen-day stay was over, the girls were permitted to return to their homes, while the SS men went back to their less pleasant military training. Couples were permitted to keep contact with each other, but an SS man was not obliged to continue his relationship once his mission had been accomplished.

When it was time to have the baby, the *Lebensborn* organization had seventeen maternity wards and hospitals set aside for the use of the unwed mothers. Sometimes the duration of a girl's stay was short, such as when a couple decided to make the relationship permanent. Other girls

(*Continued on page* 50)

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stayed on for months or even years, depending on the circumstances.

A qualified unwed mother could keep her baby or she could have it adopted by a true and tested Nazi family, which took care of the baby in the name of the Reich.

This was the customary procedure until May 1943, when things began to go badly for the Nazi war machine and the German armies began suffering from heavy casualties inflicted on them by the Russians.

At that time, stated Kersten, Himmler's masseur, the Gestapo chief had to lower the high racial standards for his stud farms. He let it be known unofficially that every unmarried *fraulein* desirous of having a baby would be taken care of at the half-dozen or so *Lebensborn* establishments. Himmler promised these love-starved women that only perfect Nordic manhood would be made available to them, men who had proved their bravery.

With military defeat inevitable, Himmler ordered that the children of captured or killed underground fighters who had fought the Germans were to be shipped to Germany and raised as Nazis. Although most of them were not racially pure by Rosenberg's criterion, Himmler, in his distorted mind, regarded these offspring of brave Nazi enemies as suitable future material to fill the thinning gaps of Germany's bleeding armies.

The exact number of children who were born of the *Lebensborn* experiment has never been known. Only a few documents were left at the end of the war to give a picture of the results of these Nazi incubator methods.

At the Nuremberg war trials Allied judges dismissed a charge of kidnaping against the war criminals. As for the *Lebensborn* documents that were produced at the trial, the judges decided it was an internal affair and declared they were not too interested in the sexual practices of the fantastic Nazi breeding establishments.

THE END

AMAZING LOOT OF LIMA HOAX

(Continued from page 16)

had come here, lured by one of the strangest, most persistent legends of modern times.

It all began—although accounts vary in detail—with Capt. John Keating of St. John's, Newfoundland. In 1841 Capt. Keating had taken a cargo from that city to the West Indies. He was loading for the home voyage when he was approached by a man he described as "handsome in appearance and having about him something of an air of mystery, of one who had been far and seen and participated in many things."

The mystery man was very anxious to get Keating to take him north. He gave his name as William Thompson. Keating eventually agreed to give him passage. On the voyage northward to St. John's, the captain became interested in Thompson and on arrival invited him to his home.

One night, in a sudden burst of confidence, Thompson blurted out that he had a secret which would make them both rich enough to buy the whole of Newfoundland. Keating sat up and insisted on knowing the details of the secret. Reluctant at first, Thompson unbent and told his story.

Claiming he had been the master of the British brig *Mary Dier,* Thompson said he had had the craft anchored in the harbor of Callao, during a period of war between Peru and Chile. The Chileans were driving in hard, and the Peruvian government feared the enemy might invade and sack Lima. They particularly feared that the very wealthy Cathedral of Lima might be looted of all its riches, including the famous statue of the Golden Virgin. The government was determined to save the cathedral's wealth.

All gold and silver ornaments were stripped from their places and sent down the rutty roads leading to Callao. The church treasures were not all that arrived at the port; the wealth of the prosperous planters and mine owners was rushed there also, on pack mules, donkeys, llamas, horses, and on the backs of Indians. This huge accumulation of treasure was piled high on the rickety docks of Callao, awaiting shipment, when word came that the Chileans were actually closing in.

Not a single Peruvian ship lay in the roadstead. But Thompson's craft was there, the *Mary Dier,* empty and ready to take a cargo. Here was a solution. Why not charter the brig and put the treasure under the protection of the British flag, where it would be safe from confiscation by the Chileans?

A rowboat took a group of leading Peruvians out to the anchored brig. They put the proposal to Thompson. He agreed, and the loading started immediately.

All that gold and silver did something to him, Thompson confessed. The sight of it scuttled his moral sense. When the hurried loading was finished, the *Mary Dier* weighed anchor suddenly. Instead of remaining in port for final orders, as the Peruvians expected, Thompson put her out to sea. A Peruvian gunboat happened to be just coming into the harbor. She gave chase; but Thompson, with no special plan in mind except to escape with his loot, outraced the gunboat and headed north.

CRUISING the quiet seas, the *Mary Dier* sighted Cocos Island. That lonely spot looked promising, so Thompson navigated the brig into a cove, took all the treasure ashore, and buried it in a deep pit. Then, not expecting further pursuit, the amateur hijacker sailed toward Panama, but ran into the pursuing Peruvian gunboat and was captured.

According to his tale, every one of the crew was hanged at the yardarm. Only Thompson and the mate were saved, so that torture could drag out of them the location of the treasure cache. As the gunboat eased into Panama Bay, Thompson and the mate escaped, by some stratagem the account does not explain. The captain found safety on an American whaler, but the mate was never heard from again. This left Thompson the only man who knew the secret of the Cocos Island treasure. He had made his way to the West Indies, where he had finally met Capt. Keating.

On the strength of this melodramatic yarn Keating agreed to furnish a ship and raise money among his friends for a trip to Cocos with Thompson. A friend of Keating's, a Capt. Boig, or Bogue, was put in command of the expedition.

On the eve of sailing day, however, Thompson was taken seriously ill in Keating's home; it was evident he wasn't going to roam the seas any more. On his deathbed, he called Keating to him and gave him detailed directions for finding the cache. He produced maps and charts, carefully marked with crosses and various bearings. That night William Thompson died.

Taking the dead man's maps, Keating and Boig sailed to Cocos Island, blazing the trail for the hundreds of later treasure-hunters. Arriving safely, they followed the directions on the maps and set the crew to work. For several weeks they dug. Then the discouraged members of the crew, tired of making holes in the ground and finding nothing, mutinied.

Keating and Boig escaped at night. They slipped away in a whaleboat, but the craft capsized. Boig went under and was drowned, while Capt. Keating clung to the overturned boat until picked up by a passing schooner. Eventually he returned to St. John's. Many months later his crew brought his ship back there, too—without any treasure.

Discouraged and skeptical, Capt. Keating never went back to Cocos. But he did make public the details of William Thompson's "secret," thus lighting a fire in the public imagination which has never died.

The tale of a great hoard of wealth planted on Cocos Island flared up again in 1853, when there arrived in San Francisco a John Welch and his wife Mary. It was Mary who had the ingenious story to tell.

In 1820, her account ran, the British naval brig *Devonshire* was commissioned for a long cruise in the South Seas, under the command of Capt. Bennett Graham. Once in the Pacific, Capt. Graham proposed to his brother officers that they seize some of the enticing Spanish treasure-laden ships which were still plying the Pacific waters. Most of the force agreed; those who hesitated were put ashore at Panama.

It was there that Capt. Graham met Mary Welch, then a girl of 18. When the *Devonshire* put out to sea again, Mary was aboard as the captain's "lady." Graham changed his name and became known as Benito Bonito.

The vessel went northward toward Acapulco, Mexico, and not far from that port sighted two treasure galleons escorted by three men-of-war. In spite of the odds, Benito Bonito attacked and defeated all five ships.

The *Devonshire* was so badly damaged that both crew and treasure were transferred to one of the galleons, the *Relampago.* The pirates then sailed for Cocos. In a gulch that notched the bleak face of a mountain cliff at Wafer Bay a square shaft was sunk; from the bottom a tunnel ran 35 feet, where it conveniently opened into a natural cave. In this cave the immense treasure was stored, and Benito

Bonito launched out on another buccaneer cruise, leaving behind on the island Mary, the ship's surgeon, and fourteen seamen who had not yet recovered from their wounds.

Six months later Benito was back with another load of plunder, taken from various Spanish ships, and this was added to the treasure in the cave.

By this time the British Admiralty had word of Graham's marauding. Two frigates-of-war were combing the Pacific for him. Putting out on his next cruise, with Mary aboard the *Relampago*, the buccaneer sighted the British off the Costa Rican coast. The *Relampago* was unable to outrun the big warships and was driven ashore. The pirates were seized and thrown into irons.

Benito Bonito, realizing there was no chance for him and knowing that a woman might be spared, gave Mary his charts and maps with all the bearings for locating the treasure. Two days later Graham and his officers were hanged at the yardarm.

The crew and Mary were taken to England to face trial, and were sentenced to the British penal colony in Tasmania. There Mary met and married John Welch. When her time was up, she came with him to San Francisco.

Mary Welch cut a wide swath with her racy, piratical yarn. She must have told it well, for Main & Winchester, one of the largest bank-brokerage firms on the Pacific Coast at the time, organized a group of wealthy merchants and bankers to finance The Cocos Island Prospecting Company.

In the spring of the next year, 1854, the expedition sailed from San Francisco on the steamer *Francis L. Steel,* but when it reached Cocos, Mary was unable to locate the cache. After many days of searching, the lady claimed that time and the elements had so changed the contour of the island in thirty-four years that she couldn't find her landmarks. She made some guesses and several tunnels were dug, but nothing was found. Gradually the expedition ran out of provisions. The searchers gave up and sailed back to San Francisco.

These were two of the main stories that sent people scurrying to the little island off Costa Rica in vain search for hidden gold.

Mary Welch's tale has been pretty much abandoned in recent years. Benito Bonito certainly did exist; but beyond that bare fact there is nothing to substantiate any of her reports. I can say this with some authority, because I've investigated the whole question carefully. I haven't been able to find a single record which would make her story stand up; nothing to verify her account of being taken to England and there tried and sentenced to the penal colony in Tasmania. None of the official books of pirate trials, down through the more recent Newgate Calendar, lists any such case. Her charts and maps proved their own worthlessness on the trip of the *Francis L. Steel.*

AS for William Thompson, the mysterious stranger, he has no historical background outside of Capt. Keating's tale. Various writers have given dates from 1815 to 1822 for his supposed exploit in making off with the treasure of the Peruvians and the riches of the cathedral, the so-called Loot of Lima. In addition, people who have taken seriously the charts which Thompson was supposed to have handed over to Capt. Keating have not been able to find a single coin in all their attempts to locate the treasure on Cocos Island.

But people never seem to give up trying. Since 1940 there have been more than twenty treasure-seeking expeditions, with hundreds of tons of hydraulic digging machinery, drag lines, caissons and bulkhead materials. The Costa Rican government has sent a detachment of soldiers to the diggings each time to make sure that nobody would muscle in on the operations and that the government's 25 per cent of the Loot of Lima would be forthcoming, if found.

In each case the cycle of hope and work and failure has followed the same pattern.

When I dropped anchor into Chatham Bay in my schooner, I looked over the rail at the small swift stream that rushes through a narrow ravine and spreads in a broad shallow across a beach studded with barren boulders, and I could see the carved records of many ships that had come before me.

Hans Kramer met me—an old man with a white beard, and the island's only inhabitant at that time. Kramer had lived there for many years. He had been a friend of August Gissler, who had spent twenty years on Cocos, hopefully searching for the Loot of Lima.

We walked toward Gissler's shack, a tumbling pile of boards. Kramer tugged at his beard with a square brown hand.

"Zo, Lieutenant," he said, "you haf gome looging for de gold, too, eh?" His German accent was quite thick.

"I happened to be down this way on my passage south, so I decided I'd take a look around. I've heard so much about Cocos Island."

"*Ja,* always it iss de same. De gold dey gome for." He slipped a hand into his trouser pocket and drew it out again. "Here, my friend, here is de great, de famous treasure of Cocos."

He flipped his thumb and a coin glittered in the air. When I caught it and examined it, Kramer's faded blue eyes were twinkling with amusement. It was a gold doubloon, bearing the imprint of Charles III of Spain and dated 1788.

"Then there *is* gold on the island!" I said.

The white beard wagged back and forth as he shook his head vigorously. "No, no, Lieutenant. Dat one coin iss all de gold dat efer has been found on dis island. My friend, August Gissler, he found dis piece. Twenty years he liffed here—and dat vas all he got. Me—I haf found nodding. I know vat I say—dere iss no treasure on Cocos Island."

From treasure-seeker to treasure-sucker can be a very short jump. I realized this sharply, walking with old Hans Kramer among the rocks of Cocos. All around were the relics of a century of tragic hopefulness—rain-filled pits, rusted spades, picks and shovels, rotting remains of huts, supply boxes, broken crates and equipment. There was hardly a patch of unmarked ground.

We wandered down by the bay and looked among the boulders in the shallow

(*Continued on page 52*)

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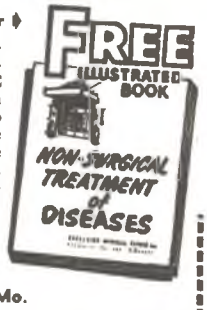

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where the stream rushed toward the sea. Rowing from rock to rock in the dinghy, we examined the inscriptions carved there, melancholy records of the ships that had kept coming to Cocos year after year.

The oldest of the rock carvings seemed almost to have been written in invisible ink. At low tide you couldn't decipher them on the sun-dried rocks. But when the waters rose and wet the stony surfaces, the letters and dates stood out clearly. I copied page after page of the inscriptions. Some of them were:

J. Maria ZELEDON Julio 22 1879

BARK Java Nov 14/56

HENRY HALL of LONDON

MARIPOSA. 1:6 Px 1871 x 1870

SHIP INDIENCHIEF of NEW LONDON 1848

Brick des Mte Ie GENIE, Comm PML Cte de GUEYDON 1 Nov. 1846

FRANCIS L. STEEL Mar. 28 1854

I thought of all the people who had come to this lonely island from every part of the world, pouring millions of dollars into attempts to find a treasure that had never been buried on Cocos. One name I didn't see there was that of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the late English speed king, who had invested $100,000 in excavating among those barren rocks. Nor the name of former Lieut.-Gov. Ellis Patterson of California and his brother, who dumped a huge investment a few years ago in another vain attempt to locate the supposed riches.

It was all a clear demonstration of the folly of setting out after treasure without adequate research; much like buying one of the many useless treasure maps which are advertised in many of our magazines today without hard-boiled checking of all the data, the probabilities and the impossibilities.

Here I was, on my way to Manta Bay and another sunken wreck, but I had the certain knowledge that it was somewhere near the spot on my map. At least I had worked beyond that wild-goose stage; I had a good chance of finding gold, as I had been finding actual treasure and living on it for some years. It was my business.

Hans Kramer came aboard our schooner for a meal and told me about his friend, old August Gissler, a German sailor who sailed for Cocos Island in 1894, determined to devote the rest of his life to seeking the fabulous Loot of Lima.

The legend of Cocos was at its height about that time; Gissler heard the tales of the many hopeful adventurers who had voyaged to the island fruitlessly. He had his own idea; he would make a full-time job of the search.

He brought his wife with him to the little uninhabited island. Together they built a small house and planted a vegetable garden. There were wild pigs roaming about, and the lagoons were filled with a wide variety of fish. When the matter of living had been settled, Gissler buckled down to the hunt, confident he was going to turn up a great fortune. Calmly and methodically, day after day, month after month and year after year, he searched Cocos from tip to tip, spading, digging, laying bare the bedrock in a hundred places. All he ever found was the one coin, probably dropped by a member of some ancient crew which had put in at Cocos for water.

TO Gissler and his wife, days meant little. They kept track of time by the expeditions that came on the same quest. Sometimes these expeditions were in rapid succession; then months would go by without a single ship. Once they were quite alone for two years.

Some of the searchers had "authentic" maps, others only vague hopes. But all followed much the same pattern. They arrived full of enthusiasm, worked for varying periods of time, and left empty-handed.

The steady parade of unsuccessful adventurers, plus his own failure, finally convinced Gissler that he and all the others were victims of a wild story, spun out of some imaginative mind. By that time he was an old man, burned out by turning spade after spade of sand and earth in his vain search. When Kramer joined him, he had become attached to Cocos; he was happy and had no desire to go back to any other way of life. He stayed on, and the Costa Rican government gave him permission to remain as long as he liked, honoring him with the pleasant but empty title of governor.

The treasure-fevered searchers continued to come; he was always on hand to greet them.

"Ja," said Kramer, "he told dem dey were fools, but dey don't belief him. People mostly got to find dat oudt for demselves. But you, Lieutenant, you vill save yourself much drubble eef you forgedt de gold, for dere is no buried treasure here on dis island."

Eventually Gissler's wife died. After twenty years on Cocos the old man went to live in Brooklyn, leaving Kramer alone on Cocos to watch the expeditions come and go.

I spent several days wandering around, while the crew of the schooner relaxed after the voyage down from the States. Their favorite sport was trying to lasso sea lions, or sea elephants as they are called.

Kramer showed me the many excavations, told me which searchers had made them, spoke of incidents occurring during the digging. I became more and more curious about the story back of this never-ending treasure search. How had it all started? I determined to get at the truth someday.

Then one bright morning we sailed out of Chatham Bay, leaving Hans Kramer, a lonesome figure on the beach, waving at us. Manta Bay was ahead; we worked down the coast past Panama and glided along toward the Equator. The weather was steady, warm at night, but pleasant; the whole passage to Manta Bay was a good one. Our salvage operations there lasted two weeks, with considerable success.

We recovered a submerged cache of gold and silver coins that had been at the bottom of the sea for centuries. It was ours; we got what we had come for. It was quite an intoxicating moment. That evening we sailed out of Manta Bay. We made for Callao, where we exchanged our find for specie.

I wasn't in too much of a hurry to get back to the States. I wanted to go to Lima, see the celebrated cathedral where the Loot of Lima allegedly was plundered, and get some information about the Golden Virgin, certainly the most valuable piece in the entire haul.

From that port I made the journey up to Lima. There in the shadowed cathedral I met a priest. He smiled when I told him I was interested in the Golden Virgin.

"The Golden Virgin, *senor?*" he said. *"Si,* come with me. I will show you the Madonna."

I thought he was taking me to an office where we could have a talk. But he stopped suddenly.

"There, *senor.* There is the Golden Virgin!"

Looking up, I followed the line of his forefinger. In a niche above a magnificent central altar, lighted by the flickering brilliance of candles, stood the golden figure of the long-worshiped Madonna. I was bewildered, amazed.

I said: "But I thought this had been stolen?"

"No, *senor.* Never has it left this place. Neither has any of the other treasures of the cathedral. Never as long as the cathedral has stood."

I stared again. There was the Golden Virgin all right, and also the twelve Golden Apostles—all of them included in Thompson's imaginary loot. Nor, I learned, had there ever been a war between the two countries—Peru and Chile—during the years mentioned.

Later on I checked further and received a letter from A. Stanley Fordham, British vice-consul at Lima, Peru:

"With reference to your letter regarding the Cocos Island treasure, commonly known as the Loot of Lima, I regret to inform you that although various persons have been consulted, including the head of the National Library, who is possibly the best informed authority on Peruvian history, it has not been possible to obtain any confirmation for the stories which connect this treasure with Lima."

So William Thompson's tale had no historical background whatsoever; and Mary Welch's story had already been discredited.

Bearing in toward the Pacific end of the Panama Canal on the homeward passage, not long after the visit to the cathedral at Lima, I glanced over the rail of the schooner and looked across the swells toward where lonely Cocos Island lay, 540 miles to the north. I thought of the thousands of treasure-seekers who had gone there after a figment of some distorted imagination. Small wonder they found nothing. There never was anything to find.

I felt sorry for Cocos Island, sorry for patient old August Gissler. There ought to be a gold cache there; he would make such a fine ghost guardian for it, striding along the shores of Wafer Bay, tugging with big-knuckled fingers at his white beard, staring seaward at the latest shipload of eager treasure-seekers, muttering gutturally: "Dey are damn fools—all of dem! Dere iss no treasure on Cocos Island!"

THE END

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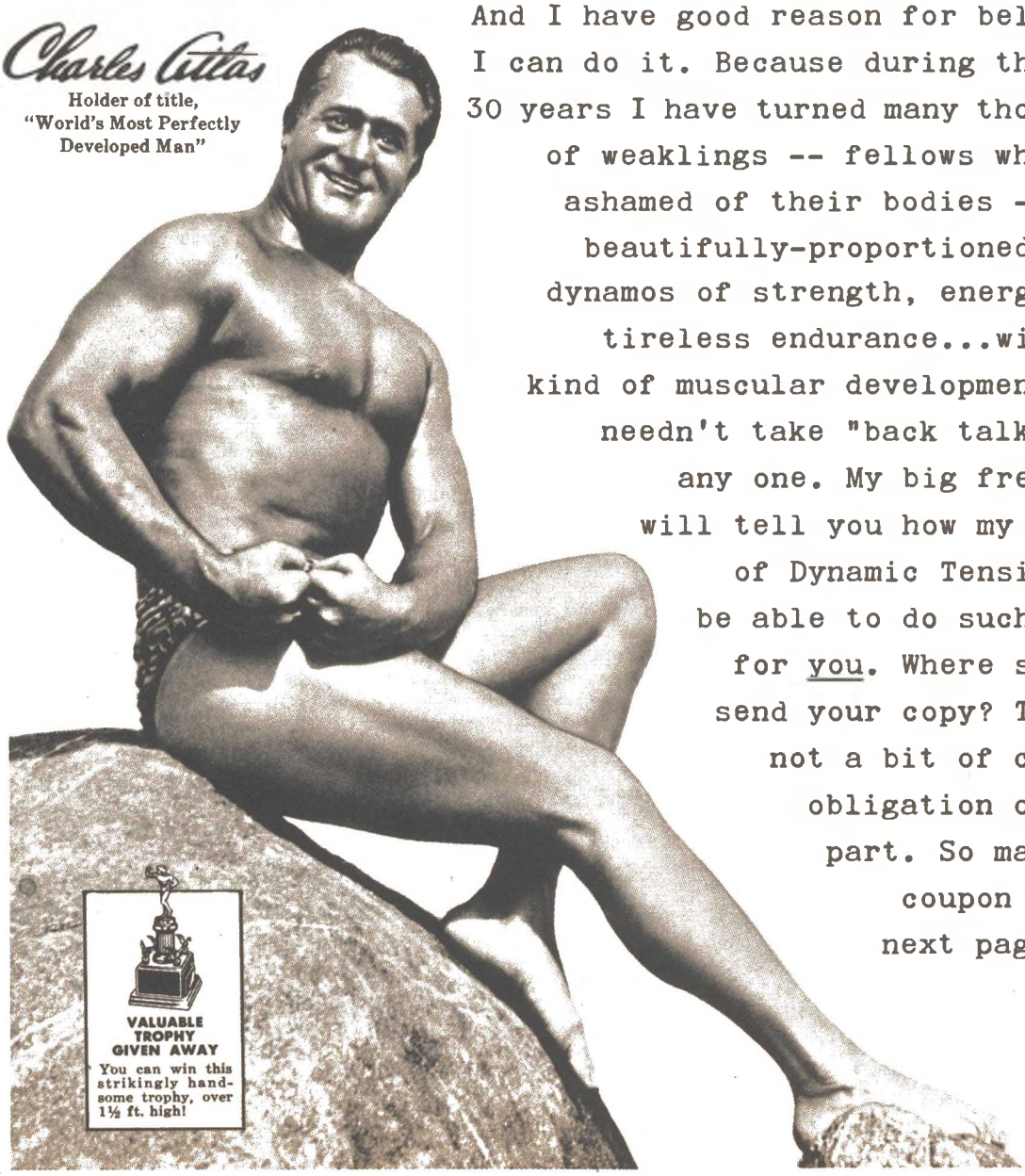
Charles Atlas

Holder of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"



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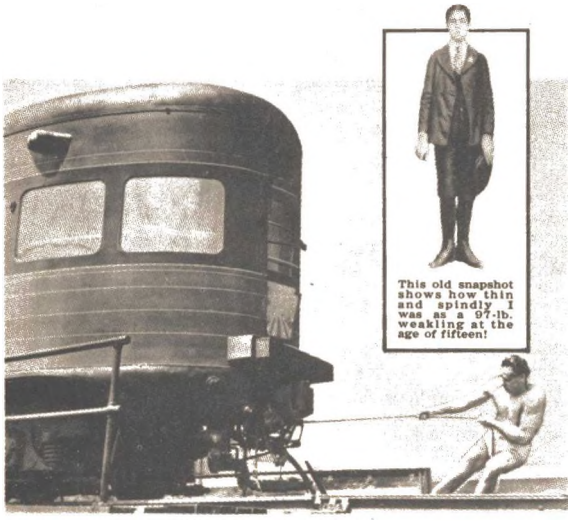

This photo, taken after I perfected DYNAMIC TENSION, shows me towing a 72½-ton railroad car 112 feet.

DID YOU READ THE ARTICLE ABOUT BODY BUILDING IN *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*?

IN a recent two-part, 11-page feature article, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE told about the fascinating world of body-building. It told about the various men who conduct physical culture courses and run gymnasiums. And it told why one man *still stands head and shoulders above all other body builders: Charles Atlas.*

I want to publicly thank SPORTS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for this fine tribute. I also want to thank SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for telling its millions of readers how I changed myself from a scrawny, skinny 97-lb. weakling to "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED points out, I tried many different body-building methods when I was a young man. But none of them worked. Then I discovered the amazing secret of Dynamic Tension — the only *natural* way to build a real He-Man body.

You can see for yourself what this system did for me. Below, you see what it did for just a few of the fellows who put themselves in my care. Now let me show you what I — and my amazing method of Dynamic Tension — can do for *you*. Just check the kind of body you want in the free coupon and I'll show you how to get it — quickly, easily, for only a few cents a day. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. So send today for the free details and my famous free book.

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Over 5 MILLION MEN have already sent for my famous free book. Like you, they were interested in building bodies of championship caliber. My book — called "How Dynamic Tension Makes You A New Man" — told them how, just as it will tell *you* how.

Yes, this book shows that the same secret method that worked for me can work for you. And it dramatically proves that only 15 minutes a day — in the privacy of your own room — is all you need to get a He-Man's body!

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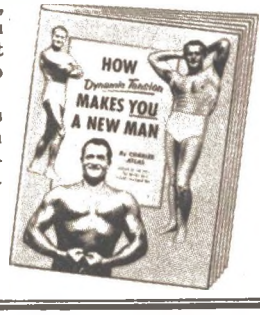

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SMART SERGEANT ON THE LOOSE

(Continued from page 26)

something. No matter how much you've been around, how smart you think you are, when you hit the booze and your mind begins to get ideas, you ain't got a chance!

So, fellow sucker, grab yourself as black a cup of coffee as you can brew, drag up a chair, and maybe, through me, you'll see yourself in action.

For you guys who've never been exposed to the transit life of an Army man on the move, some of the stuff I've got to tell may sound like a bunch of bull. Let me assure you, it isn't. Don't get me wrong. I'm a career man in this Army. I made my own bed and I like most of what has happened to me. I was never cut out to sell shoes or count money in a bank. It never occurred to me that life in a housing development or in a vine-covered cottage in a small town would be my piece of pie.

I like to rove and, even at my age, I'm still a pretty tough cooky. I work hard and my men do likewise. We play rough to keep alive. That's the job. But we aren't any less civilized than any guy with a steady job on the outside, going home to the wife and kids after a day of work downtown.

True, we do live it up. Most of us are single. There are a few who have a wife and family. But the majority of us are saving that experience for later. Right now, when we close up shop and head for civilian country, we want a good time. For the Stateside soldier of today that's sometimes a rough chore. It's a damned shame, but it's true in many cases that the only dames who give you a tumble in the States are more interested in the size of your wallet than in the size of anything else you might be carrying around. But on with the story.

I spent the major part of '60 with a heavy weapons company stationed just outside Tokyo. Since Korea most of us old-timers have had double duty—keeping our units on the ready for anything, and teaching the new young kids just out from the States the facts of life out there in Lotus Land.

The year 1960 was a touchy one for us. The way the Japanese were acting then—the young ones in particular—really kept us on our toes. The Reds were working overtime to steam up the students to a frenzy pitch. The idea was to scare the hell out of the Jap government, shake up the local cops, and play hob in general, so as to embarrass President Eisenhower, who was then scheduled to pay Tokyo a visit. As you know, they succeeded.

Those Commies never let up. Of course, the Occupation Forces were on the alert around the clock for anything from street fights to outright civil war. Those street riots were something to see, and interesting as the devil to watch. The whole time they were going on our guys walked the streets, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups. It was weird, but we were never bothered. But it would scare hell out of you just to watch those well-organized demonstrators, screaming Red slogans and snake-dancing through downtown Tokyo 50- to 60,000 strong.

These young Japs all carried Communist hate banners and signs, all aimed at the United States. Still, although they fought the local cops like wildcats, we GI's were apparently okay. These young Japs looked mad as hell, but when we asked them what they were yelling about, they would just grin, shrug, and run off screaming again.

The Commies might be making headway in Japan, but its my humble opinion that the majority of Japanese know the Reds are b.s. artists, and only join these big demonstrations to break the monotony. And, remember this, for years its been a tradition to the citizen of Tokyo to jump on the local cops. Before the war these guys were as brutal as hell. Although the former bully boys are becoming well-respected officers under U.S. Occupation policy and education, the citizens still like to raise the devil with them, just for old-times sake.

What I'm getting at is that with all that outward "hate America" jazz going on, the U.S. soldier and officer alike were still on very, very friendly terms with the natives.

Take me, for instance.

"The thing that bothers me the most is getting stuck with the rest of my travelers checks!"

THE last sixteen months of my stay in Japan I rode a big horse. As top noncom of my outfit I had a little bit more leeway than most. I had a jeep, I had my pay, and I had sources of information and time on my hands which the average GI never heard of. Although I'm actually a pretty shy guy in many ways, I'd been around in Europe and the Far East more than most, so I made the most of the situation.

With a jeep and a liberal (sergeant's pay) amount of dough, it was no problem to find a steady home away from home. My gal was a 26-year-old. She was 5 feet 2 inches tall, and she weighed 116 pounds. She had the roundest fanny I ever saw, but a slim waist, curving out slightly and upward to grace as beautiful a pair of shoulders and neckline as the Greeks ever wrote about but probably never saw. She had ash-colored skin with golden overtones. Her small breasts were firm and pulled themselves upward with a jaunty air. As I kissed her long and intimately I knew this woman as I've never known another.

She had a job on the post as a mop-up girl in the hospital. Her technical training was that of a dentist. However, she never got the chance to practice her profession at the post. The regulations forbade it, and she really felt out-of-place as anything but an assistant. She did do after-hours work in a makeshift office I helped her set up in a room next door to where we lived.

I met what was left of her family—her tough old father and a younger sister, who worked for a ticket office of Northwest Orient Airlines in the old Imperial Hotel. I learned many things from these three Japanese. One was that the civilians never caught up with the "hate White" cam-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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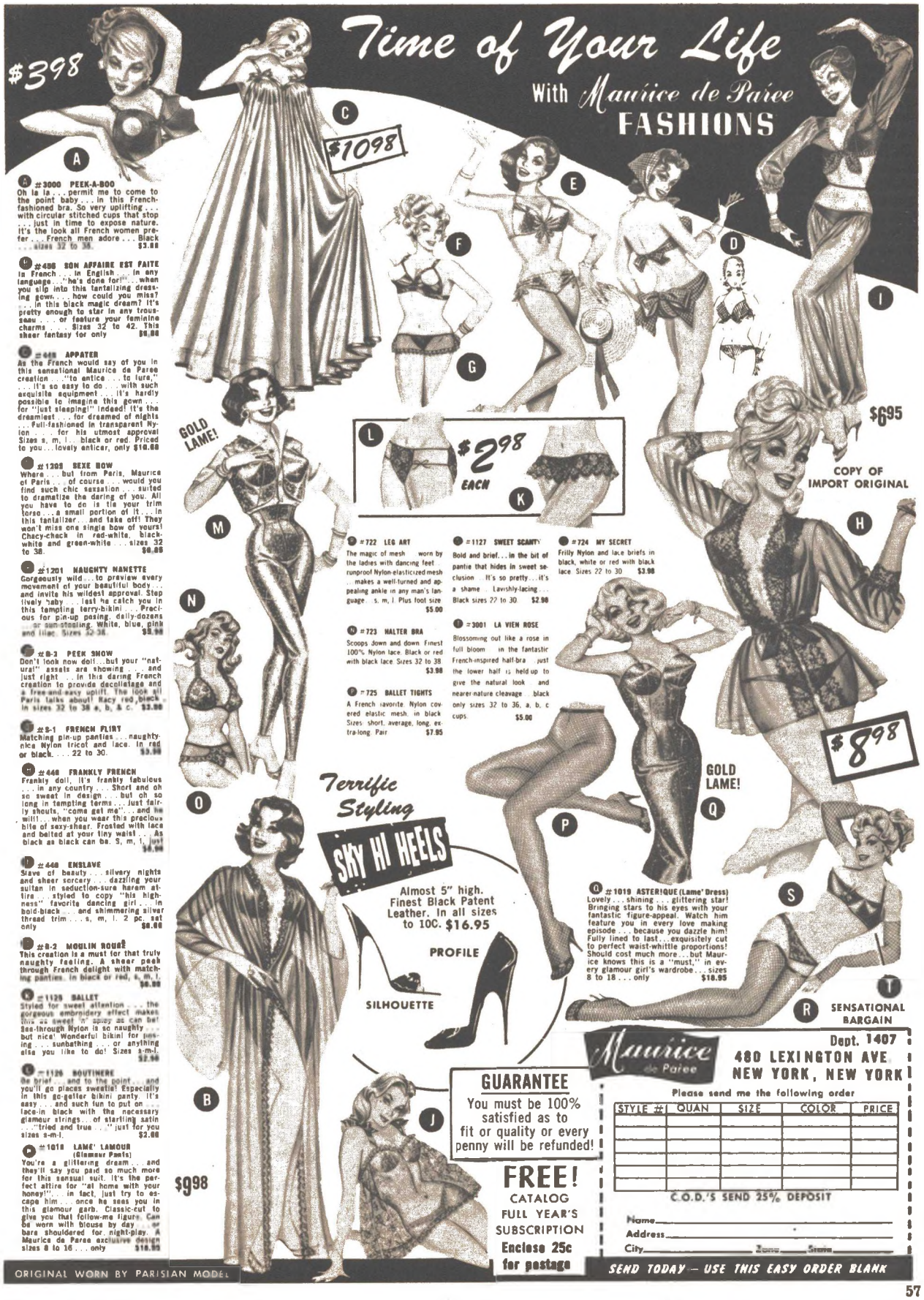

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paign. Today they're more alien to Koreans and Chinese than they will ever be to Americans. They go for us Yankees, I found out.

My experience with Mio (that was her name) made me a firm believer in Japanese women. If we could teach American dames the manners of a Jap, we would have the greatest creatures of love the world has ever known. The main reason I'm spending a little time telling you about Mio is to show you the frame of mind I was in about commercial women (Mio cost me 20 bucks a month) when I landed back in the old home town by the Golden Gate.

I was really off guard, you might say.

When I got the word in December of '60 that I was being transferred back to the States, I was just about as much of a family man as anybody could be, *sans* the nuptial vows, of course. My gal Mio was as paid for as a piece of pork, but to me it was no more of a commercial job than if we had gone the route and had the padre give us the works. Call it anything you want to, but I felt as married to that little lass of Nipon as I'll ever feel to the gal who shares my retirement check in a few years. I'll marry her (the future one), of course, but she may hear me mumble the name of Mio sometimes when the night is still and we've spent a big night with a bottle and the stars.

At any rate, the day came and I climbed aboard the Globemaster to head for home. I can't really say I was sorry. As I've said, I like to roam. I'd been away from Golden Gate town for a long, long time. And as the big old potbellied transport roared across the silver and blue of the Pacific, I put Mio in a special corner of my mind and thought about the long time no see States.

My new assignment was a gasser. After twenty years of service, a majority of it overseas, the Army was giving me a prime job, a plush one. I was going to San Francisco's famed Presidio, flanked on the west by the big red cliffs which fight the rough North Pacific to a near standstill each night when the tides shove and push, tug and cut at the land. To the north, directly bordering the eucalyptus-and-spruce-lined boundry of the Fort, the orange towers of the magnificent Golden Gate Bridge shoot into the low-hanging clouds. Flanking the Presidio to the east, and curling around its southern tip, is America's queen city. She's a beauty, no question about it. Bathed daily by a clean-sweeping fog, San Francisco is a glistening white in a summer sun; a wet, sharp gray in a pelting rain; and a golden fire at the highball of sunset. She's as good as the best and as mean as most. You find what you look for. And in San Francisco, brother, anything you want is there for the asking.

I came home to the city of my birth with as smug a feeling as you can get. I had left as a punk kid out of the old Sunset district, a thin, hungry-faced youngster, raised to questionable manhood by honest and God-fearing parents, who had shed a lot of tears as I boarded the National Guard bus which took me off to early war. Both Mom and Pop died while we were running hell-bent toward the Rhine in '45. She of a heart attack, he of loneliness a few months later.

I often remembered that street I grew up on, a few short blocks from the Presidio, flanked on either side by middle-class homes, wired together by concrete and brick. Row after row of identical houses filled with good people living out their lives of quiet desperation.

SO I came home to my city. A battle-wise master sergeant, gone so long I had no family or friends left. But home it was, and here was I, three stripes above and three rockers below, three rows of ribbons, seven battle stars, pride in my heart and memories on my mind.

Hail the home-coming hero!

I checked through the gate with a clean-chinned M.P. about the age I was when I said good-by to San Francisco. He waved me through with a bored expression and, suitcase in hand, I hiked over to the non-com's billet to find my quarters. I got my orders the next day.

"Sarge," said the captain, "we've got a contingent of British troops coming in for temporary duty here. They've never been in the States before, and we want you to give them the social lectures."

"Me give social lectures to a bunch of Limeys, sir?"

"That's the deal," answered the captain.

This was really a kick. I spend twenty years in this man's Army and they make me an Emily Post. Well, sort of an Emily Post. If you've been a dogface, Gyrine or swabjockey, you know what a social lecture means in service jargon.

You tell a guy how to keep clean—off the post, that is. You tell him to stay out of joints marked "Military Personnel Out of Bounds." You tell him to take a pro kit with him. You tell him the penalty if he gets VD, and you tip the going price the doxies are charging, just in case he doesn't pay any attention to the first three-quarters of the lecture.

You also show movies, movies that would scare the hair off the seasoned hide of a prosperous pimp. Where the Army got the actors for those movies I'll never know, but let me tell you, the guys and gals who starred in them should have been given Academy awards. They were something.

The message of these movies was always the same raw story—how you get VD, what happens to the affected area of the body, what happens to the guy when the military court gets through with him after he's cured.

Nowadays you can usually knock VD with a simple shot, but the Army hasn't cleaned up its educational films to prove it. They still feel it's better to scare you first and help you later, if necessary. I'm inclined to agree with this approach.

Well, I got my British charges the next day. They were a sharp bunch of kids, but just that. All were postwar recruits and had spent most of their time in uniform in school. They were communicators, or radiomen, here to learn the American way of their military trade. And as "schoolboys," they got every week end off the post.

Most of these youngsters were from Scotland, Wales and the Cornwall coast. There wasn't a city boy in the bunch, and they were pretty gunshy. So my job was a pretty easy one, and I took a lot of pains to play down the usual lecture I would have given a bunch of ring-wise American kids. Sure, I laid it on rough about VD, but I acted like a tourist guide about the rest.

The kids liked the treatment and thought I was just about the sharpest top kick they'd ever met. This built up the old ego of yours truly something terrific, which made my upcoming bout with a home-town hustler even worse. And it was a dilly.

I'd been home exactly six weeks when I decided it was time to trip the light fantastic. The nights I'd spent in town up to now were strictly sight-seeing junkets around the old neighborhoods, quietly looking for a familiar face and finding none.

I'd been busy as heck ironing out the rough spots of my new job and getting settled at the Presidio. Now that everything was shipshape, and pay day rolled around, I decided to hit the beach.

As an old-time loner, I'd learned that when a guy is on the prowl, he stays away from spots frequented by servicemen. When you head for civilian country, do just that. Hang out in civilian-populated places. Stay out of those neon traps which dot San Francisco's Tenderloin, and the same goes for the buck-a-drink places along Market Street.

So I jumped the post early and made it down to the financial district, Montgomery Street, peopled by office gals in the 65-buck-a-week category, who make the 5 to 6 cocktail hour in the plush-lined saloons where the town's big boys drink. These places are the home of the amateur broad. They're too proud to sell it, but they'll hit the sack for a free bout after four or five drinks and a decent dinner. In the long run the hooker is cheaper, but the amateur gives you the spirit of the chase, which I like.

The joint I picked was loaded. The bar was three-deep. The first row was filled with laughing, giggling girls, flanked by young, crew-cut guys in screwed-on suits. Mostly brokers' assistants and junior-type advertising men with a few bucks to throw around.

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THIS is where it takes patience. I shoved through as politely as possible and managed to get a drink. Then, after making sure I'd been looked over by at least three broads at the bar, I stepped back and sipped slowly at my drink. In cases like this, you keep still until somebody talks to you first. All the while you stand or sit there and look happy. People always talk to other people who look happy.

So I sipped away at my Martini and sneaked back up to the bar. When I got my refill I left an extra four bits for the bartender. He threw me a grin and a half-salute. I winked back and gave him a questioning look. He got the message. Waved his hand down the bar and shrugged his shoulders. It was all live stuff and you pick 'em up if you can.

I waited some more. That second Martini was beginning to work. I got another one, this time left another 50 cents, but the guy was busy and didn't even give me a grin. I kept that happy look and swilled down the gin.

I'd had three drinks, the target was there, but I was missing a cylinder or something. These kids were keeping their eyes on the young civilians. I was getting a little impatient, and those Martinis were filtering through the old system charging the battery. I giggled a little to myself. Damned if I wasn't getting hot pants just watching those youngsters at the bar. One of them kept crossing and uncrossing her legs, and every time she did, I got visions. I began to sweat a little.

About that time a waiter came sailing by, almost bowling me over. He headed toward the dining area and I looked after him with a growl.

That's when I saw her, damn her to hell. My eyes, looking through the film of three Martinis, picked out this dame, all alone at a table, sitting there with one of those big menus tilted up just off the top of the tablecloth, looking right at me with the eyes of a hunter. I guess I knew the score then; but, as I say, when the old brain cells leave home, look out, friend, here it comes!

I grinned. She twirled a drink in her right hand, slowly lifted it to those full red lips, ran a pink tongue around the edge of the glass, and swigged. Then she smiled.

I scampered across that dining room like a gazelle to water. I didn't even say hello. I just sat down and told her to hurry up and down that one and I'd buy another.

She took a deep breath, and that big, firm bosom literally jumped out at me. I damned near grabbed with both hands, but didn't. I know better. Then she threw the line; I must have known it was coming because I didn't give a damn.

"I've got something a lot better up at my flat, Sarge."

Well, what the hell? What was I looking for, Little Nell? I could have walked away then, but I had something else on my mind. Six weeks back in the States and here was all this big, blonde, curved, firm, young, fine-skinned broad.

I said: "Have you got it on ice?"

(*Continued on page* 60)

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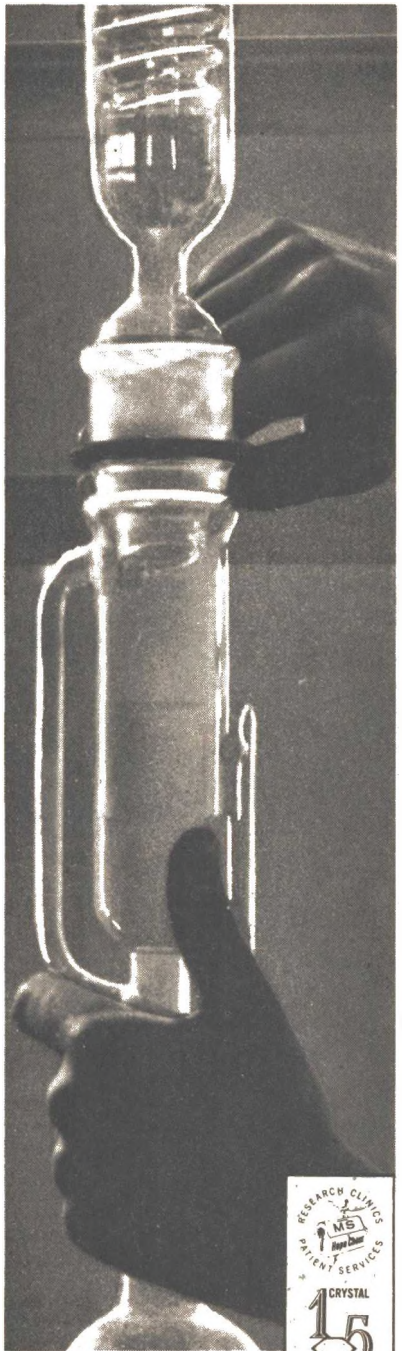

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"Let's go find out," she answered.

I was already up, and thank God for those new-fangled long green coats. If I had stumped my toe, somebody might have been hurt for sure.

As she got up a waiter made a beeline for our table. He didn't even look at her. He handed me the check. I knew he would and I also knew the check would be for one big, fat ginger ale. Six bits and a quarter tip—one buck. They can spot the mark in any bistro in the world, even as you or I.

So out we went into the velvet night of San Francisco.

This broad didn't look like a pro. She had a beautiful face and a terrific body. The face was almost with paint, and the body was wrapped in expensive cloth in straight lines. The only thing that showed was that shape. And she played it down when she walked.

We pounded down the pavement. Up Montgomery Street toward North Beach. That's all I know. Somewhere in North Beach. We walked along making small talk and finally turned down one of those San Francisco residence alleys and up the stairs to her room.

You know something, buddy, I've despised guys standing there like sacks of corn waiting for a broad to unlock an apartment door. I always thought a guy had to be a jerk to enjoy that kind of thrill. Waiting for this dame to turn the key didn't make me feel cheap at all. I was excited.

She finally got the door open, and we stepped inside. I almost pushed her in. The room wasn't much. Small, with cheap lace curtains over the window and a three-quarter bed shoved against the opposite wall. On a small table in the corner there was a greasy hot plate. There was also a half-filled bottle with two glasses, and several bottles of soft drink. The whole place reeked of perfume and congealed gravy. Not a bad combination, said my three Martinis.

I parked on a chair and watched as she slipped off that well-tailored jacket. There was no blouse underneath. With little kicks she tossed off her shoes. She was humming. I was gurgling.

"What's your name," I choked, like a teen-age punk on his first date.

"Joan." She smiled and said quietly: "Now let's see the color of your money, Sarge, and I'll pour you a little old appetizer."

I had the old moneybag out in one-tenth of a second. But I gave the usual grumble.

"You sure have a romantic way of putting a guy at ease," I said.

SHE moved across 4 feet of room with the grace of a ballet dancer, slow, rippling the line from bosom to waist, the flat belly popping perfectly. She took the wallet, opened it up, took out a twenty, closed it, gave it back, and stepped so close to me the sweat popped out like a heavy dew. She made a great slow play of firmly working the wallet back into my pants.

"Guess you've bought yourself a drink," she murmured.

As she walked over to the bottle, she threw me the right line. "While I pour, don't you think you'd better get comfortable?"

I was real ready by the time she pushed the glass under my nose. I gulped down the booze and grabbed for home plate. She melted toward me and I pulled her down on the bed and with my left hand started tugging at her black nylon petticoat.

My throat was tight and I suddenly started to choke. "That goddam booze," I said, "what the hell was it?"

She nibbled at my ear and said: "That's the finest Greek liquor you'll ever drink."

It was like drinking a mule's foot boiled in aniseed. And as I fumbled with that petticoat of hers, I remembered I was the only one drinking in this house. To hell with it, this was all broad, Stateside broad. I turned her over and took a look. This gal was real antidote for those Monday morning memories.

If only she'd stayed that way. In the white light of the little room this dame began to turn blue, purple, then nearly black. I'm going nuts, I told myself. But I wasn't crazy, Mac, not at all. The room slipped to one side, the passion she'd brought on went out like a light, and my body began to feel like some sort of spasmodic vacuum. A fast elevator was dropping me, jerkily, a floor at a time, and we were going down, down, down. I remember she slipped away from me. I made a pass at her as she went by but missed a mile. Then black. Full black.

A minute or an hour later I got back a sort of consciousness. I was on my side on the bed, drawn up like a baby in a womb. I could feel beads of cold sweat prickling and growing on my forehead, then trickling down across my face. I couldn't move a finger. I was paralized.

She was standing by the little table. She had her clothes on and my dough in her hand. She was just putting the limp wallet back in my pants. About that time the door opened. Two big guys came in and began dressing me. I couldn't move and I couldn't talk. They even tied my tie and buttoned up my coat. Then they picked me up and, one on each side, we walked. Rather, they walked and I dragged, out the door and down the steps.

The first thing a guy learns in combat is that when you get hurt, you stay still and hope for the best. As we went down those stairs, I stayed still. I just passed out again.

The next thing I remember were the voices of two cops and the smell of garbage. One of the cops was telling the other: "He's just drunk. Call the wagon and I'll stay here and enjoy the smell."

By the time the wagon got there, I was able to talk. But I was still a sick boy, brother. Whatever that stuff was, it was tearing my insides out. My teeth felt like they had been shaved.

They loaded me in the wagon and down to the Hall of Justice we went. When we got there, I could navigate. I was still shaky but I could move. And I was over the qualms enough to be getting mad as hell.

Those San Francisco cops are pretty nice guys. They didn't book me. They believed my story. A detective took me in tow and he got all the answers I could give him.

For an old head, the questions they asked were a little embarrassing, but I filled the guy in as much as possible.

They wanted to know how much dough I had lost. Including the 20, she got 140 bucks altogether. What did the drink taste like? I wasn't sure. I'd had three too many Martinis to tell.

Can you remember where she took you? North Beach. A hell of an answer. North Beach is big, friend. And they had found me propped up against a garbage can all the way down on Howard Street, across the city. What did the men look like? I was too sick to tell. The broad—well, the points I remembered were doubled up on every broad in the city. But I did think I could spot her.

As I say, the cops were nice. I went back to the Presidio. The next morning I went back downtown and looked over the line-up of doxies they'd hauled in. She wasn't there.

We went back to the restaurant where I'd picked her up. An expected blank. They'd never seen her before. They did remember me, however. I must have been that two-bit tip for her ginger ale.

For about a week I rode a police prowl car. We didn't find her. We dropped it. Or at least I did.

The following Friday those British recruits got the lecture of their lives. I forgot about the sight-seeing-tour business. I forgot about diplomacy. I gave them the best scare story they ever heard. I guess they thought I was really out of British Intelligence or working for old J. Edgar himself.

When I was through, they looked a little pale, but grabbed their passes and headed through the front gate. I'd swear they were almost eager to hit that hell town I'd painted San Francisco out to be.

Me, I walked back to the noncom club. I got a cup of coffee and went into the writing room. I sat down and pulled a sheet of paper out of the slot, dipped a pen in the inkwell, and began to write the most important letter of my life.

"Dear Mio," I began. I guess you can imagine the rest. THE END

REVENGE OF HIRAM WORDLEY

(Continued from page 37)

East. From the first glimpse he was one fellow passenger I was determined to avoid.

Hiram was fish-belly white and dressed like something out of a Victorian nightmare. He wore a square-set derby, a shiny black suit, and carried an umbrella to match—in a land where the annual rainfall is measured with a micrometer.

I pegged him for a missionary. Those earnest eyes, behind fogged-up rimless glasses, could only be searching out sin and sinners. If I let him catch sight of me, he'd have enough to keep him busy until we hit New York.

It was the off season, though, and the *Ajax* wasn't carrying many passengers. Short of jumping over the side, you really couldn't avoid anyone.

Hiram was even paler when he entered the ship's lounge on the third day out of Port Said. A touch of seasickness, no doubt. He paused to polish his glasses before peering nearsightedly about, then he headed my way.

He perched delicately on the edge of the chair next to mine, smiled primly and leaned confidentially in my direction. I had a glass of Scotch in my hand, enough to make me a prime candidate for a quick trip down the sawdust trail.

Mustering up about as much enthusiasm as a juvenile delinquent on a visit to his parole officer, I settled back for no more than thirty minutes of "good stimulating talk." Then I was going to excuse myself, order a case of the best, and lock myself in my cabin until I saw one or more Statues of Liberty.

I had just finished a two-year stint working for an oil company in Saudi Arabia. My wallet was thick and I had a lot of snappy ideas about thinning it out before heading back to another tour of duty in the land of sand. I needed moral uplift like Georgia needed William Tecumseh Sherman.

"Nice day," he said in a thin precise voice that went with his looks. "Perhaps I should say, nice morning."

I thought he was looking at the glass in my hand, so I lifted it and defiantly took a good slug. What the hell business was it of his if I wanted to get started early? I felt better, though, when he beckoned the steward and ordered a round. He couldn't be all good.

Hiram didn't need any encouragement in making an acquaintance, that's for sure. The fact that I wound up liking the guy is all the more remarkable when I consider that I spent the first fifteen minutes of our one-way conversation wishing I had been blessed with the good sense to go home by air.

It turned out that Hiram, or Hi if you will, was an archeologist. What with the talk of ancient civilizations and the downing of old Scotch, we were bosom buddies before an hour had passed. The one sad note was that Hi was a widower, traveling back to the United States with the ashes of his wife.

"Eliza was a grand person when you got to know her," he said, his eyes getting even mistier as he remembered the dear departed.

From what I could gather, Mrs. Wordley had formed too close an attachment for a particularly vicious type of Middle Eastern germ.

Hi paused frequently to polish his glasses, blow his nose and smile bravely before continuing his detailed description of her last horrible days.

"She was raving mad at the end," he sobbed, struggling to regain control. He had to get it out of his system, I suppose, and I smiled quietly to show him I understood.

We spent a good deal of time together after that, sitting in a quiet corner of the lounge lapping up Scotch. Hi choked and sputtered at first and I could see he wasn't

(*Continued on page 62*)

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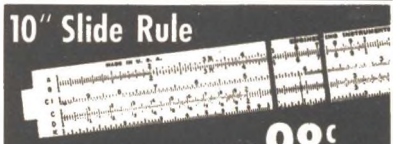

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really used to drinking.

"Eliza didn't approve of alcohol," he apologized.

When he started coughing after a drag on a cigarette, I figured the late Mrs. Wordley had strong convictions about the evils of the nicotine habit as well.

Nonetheless, Hi kept on until it looked like he'd been drinking and smoking all his life. At the same time he began emphasizing his thoughts with a few self-conscious hells and damns. He was really beginning to limber up.

One day our talk drifted around to home and hearth and what we were going to do in the States. Hi had a vivid imagination, I'll say that for him. His ideas on living it up in some of the hotter spots in and around New York City made my thoughts on the subject look like the innocent dreams of an Iowa grandmother.

"I'm going to meet one of those attractive young ladies who dance in the chorus line," he told me. "We'll drink champagne and shack up."

Using words that he had probably picked up by reading hard-boiled detective stories on the sly, the little archeologist mapped out his ambitious campaign in the tone of a preacher announcing plans for a church picnic.

Still water may run deep and dirty, but Hi seemed like the last guy in the world who would want to bounce around the New York night-club circuit, especially since he was a recent widower.

Even though he seemed to be preparing himself for the role of man-about-Manhattan by drinking, smoking and swearing, I couldn't quite picture him with a chorus girl on his lap. Still, grief does strange things to people. I passed it all off as imagination, a way to forget.

Hi was friendly and likable, but hard to figure out. Between the hooch and his recent tragedy there was a lot that didn't make sense, a lot that was hard to believe.

ONE night we were downing more than a couple and Hi really let loose. With a good deal more booze in him than he was used to, Hi told me quite a different story concerning the death of Mrs. Wordley.

He pictured Eliza as the motherly type—the kind you find in a kennel. Her mission on earth was to take care of Hi, to see that he wore his rubbers, carried his umbrella and behaved in all respects as a gentleman should.

While I had sensed from his earlier description of her virtues that Eliza Wordley wasn't exactly my type of woman, I didn't realize that Hi felt anything but love and affection for her.

Fortunately, all of Eliza's control was exercised in the United States. She would not think of leaving Mother to go off on an expedition to some strange, uncivilized country. She did her best, though, to see that the men who did go with Hi were the right-thinking sort of chaps who saw to it that he took care of himself.

It never entered her mind that her Hiram would find time to dally with any of the local talent. He wouldn't dare! And she was so right. Hi was leery of talking to any female with less character and breeding than a vicar's wife.

All this changed, however, on Hi's last assignment, which was a one-man expedition to scout some old ruins near the ancient desert city of Tebuk on the Red Sea. Eliza wouldn't hear of him going alone. She was torn between her duty to take care of Hi and her horror of foreign lands. But duty, no matter how distasteful, came first in the mountainous breast of Eliza Wordley.

"Barbaric," she sniffed, getting her first glimpse of Tebuk, a sun-baked Saudi Arabian city that was made up of little more than mud huts, mosques and a clump or two of dusty palm trees.

She had been expressing similar thoughts for the past few weeks—about their ship, the Atlantic Ocean and the overland trip from Port Said.

In short, Mrs. Wordley disliked everything. She couldn't abide the natives. She couldn't drink the water, and she wouldn't eat the food. She insisted that her food be imported from England. The only thing that satisfied Eliza Wordley was her own virtue.

It was pretty rough on Hi, who was becoming dimly aware that his eagerness to accept long assignments in out-of-the-way places was due in some measure to the joy of leaving Eliza behind.

He bore up without complaint under the continual harping and carping, however, and nothing would have happened if he hadn't met one of the nomadic desert sheiks who set up camp with his followers near the Tebuk ruins.

Al Rashid was a man Hi dreamed of being—a dashing, bearded warrior who rode a prancing white stallion and had some half-dozen more wives than the four allowed by Mohammedan law. He was a truly magnificent old goat.

"He is dirty and unkempt," Eliza said, after one brief encounter with the sheik. "He has a distinct odor and probably has lice," she added.

"Furthermore, Al Rashid had a decidedly improper gleam in his eye when he looked at me," she told Hiram, who was too smart to make any reply.

Had Eliza known that there was more than one woman in the sheik's household, she would have made sure that Hi had nothing at all to do with him.

Al Rashid hadn't been too friendly at first, but after seeing Eliza he seemed to go out of his way to cultivate the friendship of the flattered archeologist.

Then nothing would do but to have a feast in Hi's honor. Perhaps Al Rashid had an inkling of strange Western ways. He stretched the invitation to include Eliza. In fact, he insisted that she come to what would otherwise be a stag party.

"I want no part of the sheik and his dirty, stinking tribe," Eliza said firmly. "I refuse to go to any so-called feast where they eat with their fingers."

Hi was unusually persistant, not because he really wanted her to go, but to avoid offending the sheik. When all other arguments failed, he hit the social angle.

"You know, Al Rashid belongs to a fine old desert family," he told Eliza. "They say he's a direct descendant of Mohammed."

Even so, it was against her better judgment that Eliza finally agreed to visit the bearded barbarian. But the opportunity to tell her friends back home about the "Arabian prince who absolutely insisted on holding a banquet in my honor," was too good to pass up.

THE feast was held in a great tent filled with roistering Arab warriors who gorged themselves on roast lamb and drank impressive amounts of wine. They sat cross-legged on the sand, tearing large chunks of meat from the lamb carcasses and dipping handfuls of rice and gravy from huge pots.

Hi was elated at this rare opportunity to see the Arabs as they really were when relaxed and at ease. He was accepted and he was honored; a man among men.

Eliza, on the other hand, was disgusted by the spectacle of the carousing Arabs. And Al Rashid was the worst. Fine old desert family or not, she had been sold a bill of goods and she knew it.

Secure in the knowledge that these heathen riffraff did not have the intelligence to understand English, she complained bitterly of the sights and sounds that assailed her senses.

"It makes me positively ill," she said on more than one occasion during the long night.

The good woman was so taken up with her own misfortunes that she failed to notice the glances of admiration that were cast her way by the Arabs present at the festive board.

Eliza Wordley wasn't much by American standards. Perhaps it would be better to say she was too much. She stood well over 5 feet 10 inches and was well padded to boot. As far as quantity was concerned, she would have given any Hollywood starlet quite a run in the bosom department. It may not have been inviting, but it was impressive.

A kindhearted society columnist would overlook the faint mustache that graced her upper lip and describe Eliza Wordley as a "handsome woman of regal bearing."

While Americans might not be lured by such charms, a great many Arabs consider women like Mrs. Wordley the most delightful creatures on earth. They believe, in fact, that paradise is populated with houris of similar proportions—uncorseted, of course.

And so it was that the Arabs directed more than one hot glance at Eliza Wordley. Some had all they could do to keep from pinching her to see if she was real and not some vision sent by Allah to tantalize their senses.

At the same time, the sheik was coaxing Hi into the Arabian equivalent of keeping up with the boys. Devout Mohammedans don't drink, but Al Rashid and his followers were not to be stopped from enjoying themselves by the Koran or anything else.

The more Hi drank, the more he enjoyed himself. For the first time in many years he dared laugh aloud without looking first for permission from Eliza.

As the night wore on the party became louder and wilder. Stout desert warriors began to fall unheaded by the wayside, but Hi hardly staggered. Rather, he became more intensely aware of what was going on with each drink. He began to imagine that he was part of this joyful desert brotherhood, another Lawrence of Arabia.

Now some might say that the wily sheik was taking advantage of Hi, who was ignoring Eliza's disapproving glances and jumping head-on into an unaccustomed bout with alcohol. As it turned out, though, both Hi and Al Rashid were satisfied.

A horse trader from way back, the sheik knew that the first rule of the game is to get your opponent as happy and helpless as possible. Hi, of course, went along with the sheik without realizing he was shooting as sharp an angle as any race track tout.

When Al Rashid figured the time was ripe, he urged the bespectacled archeologist off into a quiet section of the tent, populated now only by a couple of bearded lads who had passed out to dream of a paradise filled with alluring Elizas.

In time-honored fashion the sheik talked first of friendship, mentioned the weather, and asked about the state of Hi's health before getting down to business.

Had Hi been familiar with the sheik's usual style, he would have realized he

(*Continued on page* 64)

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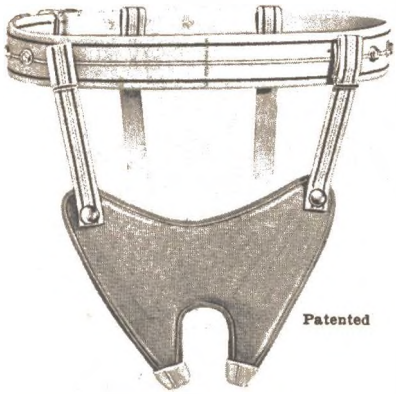

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had a live one on the hook when Al Rashid practically came flat out with his offer of cash and goods in exchange for Eliza.

As it was, Hi was shocked into something approaching sobriety. His eyes blinked and his mouth gaped. He was too stunned to make a properly outraged reply.

Seeing this, the sheik figured he had underestimated Hi. The offer was obviously too low. He raised the ante to include a number of archeological specimens, a bit more cash and a couple of desert stallions, "as well as a slave girl to warm your bed."

Perhaps it was the hooch that gave Hi courage. In a moment of brilliant clarity he saw there was but one course to take.

"Done!" he replied. "Provided you meet certain conditions."

With the prize so nearly in his hand, Al Rashid was not to be stopped now. "Anything!" he answered.

Hi demanded assurance that Eliza would be safe from the eyes of all prying Westerners. He was aware, of course, that Arab women are seldom seen and rarely heard. He just wanted to make sure, without the bother of explaining, that the sheik understood wife-trading is frowned upon in countries of the Western world —on a permanent basis, at any rate.

His beaked nose quivering as he anticipated the pleasures that were in store for him with the fair Eliza, Al Rashid agreed to bribe the local official who issued death certificates. This was so the bereaved husband would have something beside an urn to show the folks back home. The ashes would be donated, unknowingly, by the relatives of the next person to die in Tebuk.

WITH these nagging details out of the way, Hi led the grinning sheik to Eliza, who was busy thinking up new ways to show her displeasure and was quite unaware that she had been sold down the river in more ways than one.

"I have some wonderful news for you, my dear," Hi said cheerfully, paying no attention at all to her foul mood. "Al Rashid has agreed to give me some fabulous relics, a pair of white stallions and a servant girl."

"How much did you agree to pay him?" she asked suspiciously, knowing full well that you get nothing for nothing in this world.

"Oh, not too much. I mean—" he stammered, almost losing his courage for a moment. Then with a deep breath: "The truth of the matter, my dear, is that I have agreed to trade you."

This on top of her discomfort was too much. "Hiram Wordley!" Eliza shouted. "How dare you be facetious with me! How dare you!"

While the long-suffering patience of many years was evident, there was a new firmness in his voice. "I am not joking. You belong to Al Rashid. The bargain has been sealed."

Outrage and utter disbelief darkened Eliza's face as she rose and bore down on Hi with all the grim purpose and direction of a Sherman tank on an enemy foxhole.

At this point the archeologist's courage understandably dissolved. He ducked instinctively behind Al Rashid, who beheld this vision of loveliness coming toward him of her own free will, face flushed and eyes hot with passion. Not overly modest, perhaps, but undoubtedly a woman of fire.

The grizzled desert warrior was finished waiting. It had all worked out as planned, from his first meeting with Eliza. He scooped her into his arms.

Ah, tigress, he thought fondly as her claws raked through his beard to disturb some of the small animals Eliza had mentioned. How like a woman to lead a man on with seductive glances and then struggle playfully at the last moment. It's doubtful that he felt any sense of shame whatsoever in having bilked Hi out of such a fine woman.

The sheik was anxious to get Eliza hidden away with the rest of his women before Hi changed his mind. With what passed for a bow of apology for leaving his guest so abruptly, the sheik carried the wildly struggling woman out of the tent.

Hi listened to her outraged bellows with nary a pang of regret and some small sense of satisfaction. He was already rehearsing the story he would tell his mother-in-law.

The sheik evidently felt the need to determine just how good a bargain he had made. He didn't return for some time. Then his burnoose was disheveled and he was scratched up more than somewhat. There was no misunderstanding his smile, however.

When Hi set out for his own small encampment a short while later he had the money, his precious relics, a pair of desert stallions and Aliyah, a restfully quiet slave girl. He wasn't quite sure what to do with any of it, especially the girl.

Al Rashid was a shrewdie, all right. The money might possibly be enough for a hamburger in the States, and the stallions were ready for the glue factory. The relics could be picked up at any Middle Eastern bazaar, although one would serve as a suitable resting place for Eliza's "remains." Hi found particular enjoyment in thinking of Mother slobbering over the ashes of a native.

The girl, though! While he wasn't able to take her back to the States, Aliyah did provide Hi with many an evening of quiet, but not necessarily restful enjoyment while he remained in Tebuk.

"What's more, she'll be there when I return," he said firmly, finishing his story.

That, at least, was the way I made it out, although I was damn near as far gone as Hi was that evening. I believed it, and then again I didn't. It could easily have been the crazed imagination of a bereaved husband.

By the next afternoon he had apparently forgotten all about our conversation of the night before. There was sadness in his eyes and emotion in his voice when he spoke of Eliza. He could think only of her good qualities.

I didn't know what to think when we arrived in New York. We promised to keep in touch and all that, but you know

how it goes. I had a wad of dough and some lost time to catch up on before going back to Saudi Arabia.

Finally it was all over and I caught the *Ajax* going back. Just about the first guy I saw was my old pal Hi. But I smothered the big hello. I was more confused than ever.

It wasn't because he was carrying an umbrella and wearing his rubbers. Not because of the woolen scarf knotted snugly around his neck to ward off the stiff June breeze.

It was the king-size Amazon with more than her share of padding who was holding grimly onto his arm. There was a faint mustache on her upper lip.

There was agony in his eyes as he returned my subdued greeting. I couldn't figure it. He was either completely nuts or the biggest damn liar I had ever met.

THERE was a mutually embarrassing attempt to make small talk, coupled with a new resolve on my part to avoid the little archeologist—if he was an archeologist. About the only thing that stacked up was his description of Eliza.

She jumped right into the conversation. "Hiram," she demanded, "aren't you going to introduce me to the gentleman?" She meant it for a smile, but I've seen friendlier looking barracudas.

"Yes, my dear," Hiram replied, with a soothing deference born of long practice.

Even so, he hesitated and tried to change the subject until she gave him a not-too-gentle poke in the ribs.

"Roberta, I would like you to meet Mr. Napier," he said formally. "Mr. Napier, my wife, Roberta Wordley."

Not even the right name. I couldn't think of anything at this point except to say that I had thought her name was Eliza.

Hi blushed and stammered, and Mrs. Wordley interrupted while he was still squirming. You could see she was used to speaking for Hiram.

"Dear Eliza," she murmured damply. "My poor sister. She died, you know—only a few short months ago in Saudi Arabia." Roberta shook the ship with a giant sob. "We can hardly believe that she's gone, can we, Hiram?"

Hi just looked more miserable than ever and shook his head without looking at me as Roberta unburdened his troubles for him. Evidently she thought I had known Hi before Eliza died.

"Poor Hiram nearly went mad with grief after Eliza passed on," Roberta told me, not sparing any of the details. "He drank himself insensible night after night until Mother and I finally tracked him down to a vile place where terrible women were cavorting on the stage, flaunting their nakedness."

Her righteous indignation was something to behold as she described a joint that seemed like a pretty hot spot to me.

"Women even more shameless than those hussies on the stage were sitting with Hiram, forcing him to drink and spend his money," she said, ignoring her husband, who seemed ready to try and dig a hole for himself in the deck of the *Ajax*.

"Hiram didn't recognize us," Roberta continued, shaking her head over his terrible delusion. "He tried to have the headwaiter eject us, and then he put up a terrible struggle when Mother and I dragged him from the place."

He was so violent in his madness that the ladies were compelled to put him in a rest home. It was some days before he came to his senses and stopped using words that neither of the gently reared women had ever heard before.

Officials of the museum had been looking for Hiram all this time. They expected him to finish up his preliminary work in Saudi Arabia, after a decent period of mourning, naturally.

"Of course this was out of the question, as far as Mother and I were concerned," Roberta told me. "There was no telling what would happen to Hiram if he went back into that terrible desert alone. Finally we decided to let him go after the wedding, when I could go along to look after him."

The new bride sighed heavily as she rededicated herself to the tremendous task she had taken on in marrying Hiram for his own good. I could see she was determined to carry on the tradition of dear Eliza.

I felt sorry for Hi and I wasn't quite sure whether it was because he had lost a wife or because he had gained one. In any case, I couldn't much blame him for being off his chump.

When Roberta finally seemed to be running out of words, I expressed my pleasure at meeting her and voiced my hope that she would enjoy a wonderful Saudi Arabian honeymoon.

A look reserved for ignoramuses interrupted what I had hoped would be a fast getaway. "Oh, no! Saudi Arabia is a terrible place. Eliza told me about it in her letters. The natives are filthy and the water isn't fit to drink. I've had to order tinned foods from England in order to be assured of a proper diet.

"There really isn't much for one to do," she continued. "I expect to stay in my quarters most of the time, even though Hiram assures me that the natives are pleasant and know their place. Hiram has arranged for a maid, though. That is one small consolation." She paused to look at her husband. "What did you say her name was, dear—Aliyah?

"I expect that the only person I shall really enjoy meeting is Sheik Al Rashid. He is from a fine old family, descended directly from Mohammed. Hiram tells me that the sheik will have a banquet in our honor soon after we arrive. It does sound very interesting, even though I won't be able to eat a bite of food. Hiram said that Eliza went to such a party and enjoyed herself immensely. I'm so glad. There was so little enjoyment in her life. She passed away soon after that, you know."

I should have warned her then, I suppose. But I looked at Hiram and he looked at me. Then I looked at Roberta Wordley.

I shook Hi's hand with extra warmth and I could only wonder if there were any more at home like Eliza and Roberta. Or would Hiram's mother-in-law be accompanying the bereaved husband on the next trip?

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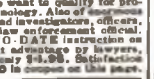

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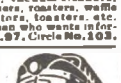

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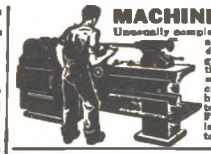

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OLD COLORADO VIRGIN AUCTION

(Continued from page 25)

liked what they saw, although its meaning probably went against the grain of the moral training they had gotten at their mother's knee.

The talk in the big room was excited; but, strangely, it was conducted in low, almost muted tones. Almost embarrassed tones, little used by these rough Colorado frontier gold and silver men of the early post-Civil War period.

It was a typical Saturday night in the town of Salida and, as usual, Front Street, the town's only thoroughfare, was on the make for the dust and dollars of the men who scraped their living from the rock and timber hills of the upper Colorado territory.

For the moment familiar sounds, such as the bump of a body bouncing off a saloon wall, or the pow, zip and crash of a bullet fired by a drunk or a killer, were missing.

The entire male population (and most of its women as well) were jammed into Salida's most posh establishment—Madam Kelly's barroom, gambling hall and brothel —to witness a frontier spectacular. The queen of Colorado doxies, one of the smartest brothel operators in American history, was about to conduct her usual monthly auction of an "honest-to-God virgin" and may the best man win!

It was 8 p.m. on the night of August 10, 1866, and an unnatural quietness was settling over this tiny township nestled in a deep valley between the peaks of one of the nation's most spectacular mountain ranges.

At Madam Kelly's—where, throughout the day, good booze poured abundantly across the marbled-topped bar, and the clang of silver mixed with the rasp of a player piano and the clomp-stomp of heavy boots and the snap, snap of high heels and guffaws and giggles—the time had come, the walrus said, to talk of specific things.

The game tables closed, and down a thick-carpeted stairway came Madam Kelly, her red hair glistening and her brilliant orange dress skin-tight and split to the thighs on each side. She strode through the crowd of miners and onto the stage to stand beside her merchandise.

Amid a few nervous giggles and a couple of deep masculine sighs, she put her arm around the gorgeous girl at her side. The room became silent, and the madam spoke: "Gentlemen (she spoke the King's English with dedication), may I introduce this young lady. Her name is Mary Ledbetter. She's come a long way to be with us tonight —all the way from Cardiff, Wales. She was a ward of a Welsh nobleman, a man of 78. Two years ago he died. The nobleman's family, to keep from sharing his wealth with a distant relative such as she, had her shipped off bag and baggage on a Clipper bound for San Francisco."

At this point murmurs of disgust and anger at these unseen villians across the sea were heard from the audience.

After a significant pause the madam continued her spiel: "When I met the little lady four months ago she was starving in a convent in San Francisco—starving to be loved and to be noticed by somebody who would appreciate her. I told you men when I came here five years ago that I would always bring you the best. Mary Ledbetter is the best. I told her about you fine gentlemen here in Colorado, and she agreed to come with me to meet you. She's here of her own free will and she's as pure as the day she was washed by a midwife in Cardiff, fresh from her mother's womb. She's never been touched by the hands of man, and tonight she's ready and willing to become the full-fledged woman of a real Colorado man. If the winner can make her happy, she'll stay with him. If not, it's understood she can go her way in peace within a month. Now count your winnings for today, and the man with the most money can exchange his cash for the most innocent woman in Salida!"

The line-up in front of the cashier's cage was orderly, with about forty men in it. The remainder of the crowd stood back, licked their lips and watched. The rules of the monthly game had been laid down long ago, and Madam Kelly allowed no shenanigans. The man who won the most at the tables the day of the auction could swap the money for the prize on the stage —a 16-year-old virgin with a body so supple and a face so stunning that, although she hadn't uttered one word, the money was eagerly shoved across the counter, regardless of the amount.

The cashier counted; the line moved up. Then, with a yell of delight, a heavy young miner with a fierce black beard moved toward the stage. He was 29-year-old Curtis Lee, and he had just given up $9,000 of faro winnings for the right to teach this Welch child the manners of the bedroom.

AFTER getting the official signal from her cashier, Madam Kelly led the girl to the edge of the stage, where young Lee took her hand, walked through the room and out the door to a house-provided team and wagon. With a crack of a whip on the flanks of the team, the two rumbled off into the night. And another "Kelly virgin," frightened or sad, happy or stunned, found out the intimate ways of mountain men.

In this particular case Madam Kelly hadn't lied. The girl was a virgin, was from Wales (although the story of the nobleman was pure fantasy; she was really the daughter of a drunken merchant who had brought her to San Francisco and promptly died of the DT's) and was ready to find any security available. She was lucky. The young miner was a good man, gentle and considerate. He married her three weeks later when the traveling parson put in his bimonthly visit.

It was one of the rare occasions when the viciousness of the white slave racket of the 1800's was thwarted. Madam Kelly or her likes never got their hands on the new Mrs. Lee again. Tragically, she was one of the few who got away. Thousands upon thousands of British girls, ranging in age from 12 to 20, were doomed to pass into the hands of the white slavers, to fill the markets of Europe and America, and leave it only when—their bodies wrecked, their minds befuddled by dope or drink—they were cast upon the street to die.

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How did these innocent girls fall prey to so terrible a fate? The answer was simple. With the coming of the industrial revolution in England, the mass of working people, already impoverished, were in even more dire straits. There was no adequate housing in England's major cities, and in what shelter was available, men, women and children slept head-to-toe in unbelievable filth. These conditions made things easy for the traffic in women. The young girls had no place to go, and the search for food was, in many instances, a physical battle of life-and-death proportions.

So, in 1866, although it was a long way from England to a town in the Colorado mountains, the path was a short one for hundreds of girls who were sometimes given away by their starving parents.

The slavers either tricked or starved the girls into brothels in England. There, for periods of five or six weeks, they were degraded physically, beaten and "brainwashed" into becoming willing prostitutes. Then they were ready for export.

Madam Kelly's contact in San Francisco (then one of the top export markets for English girls) was a reputable importer of spices and flesh; the latter activity he covered under the guise of benefactor. This man paid passage for "these poor wretches" and found them "homes along the new frontier."

The homes he found them were the plush and high-priced scarlet beds of the best brothels on the Coast and in the mining towns of Nevada, Utah and Colorado. From these, the selected few of the best girls eventually moved down the line, as their bodies gave way, to fill the dank, vermin-ridden water-front dives frequented by hopheads and vilest of deviates.

Prostitution was as accepted in the early days of the West as the use of cigarettes is today. True, the importing of prostitutes was under a different label from the open trading in London. Nonetheless, it was an open, thriving, highly organized business. And at least one Western state, Nevada, still allows legal prostitution under state control.

Back in the 60's, Madam Kelly of Colorado was considered tops in her trade. She was so successful that she branched out, and by 1865, she had brothels in Nevada, Utah, and two additional Colorado mining camps. No doubt about it, she was big-business.

She was a shrewd woman, hard with a dollar, but a great psychologist. She never mistreated or allowed anyone else to mistreat any of her girls. She ran a string of clean houses and was allowed to operate with full official sanction. She kept her girls off the streets, and her houses were always showcases of fine furnishings, beautiful doxies and good whisky.

However, she had competition. The demand for girls was tremendous, but the

supply was such that anyone with the price of a house could stock it with the merchandise of love. And, with the Colorado-Utah-Nevada territories booming with silver and gold, Madam Kelly needed more than posh surroundings, honest poker, good booze and well-trained, well-endowed girls to keep her hard-fighting, rough-living, high-spending customers loyal to her place of business.

The madam needed a gimmick, so she put her fertile mind to work and came up with a sure-fire winner. She would hold monthly "auctions" of a prize girl and tie the promotion to her gambling operation—winner leaves his winnings and takes the girl. She added that additional touch, bound to stir the egomania of every all-conquering male in the rough and tough West, the right to be first with his prize.

Needless to say, Madam Kelly's "virgin" sales became the hottest-selling commodity in the West.

FOUR times a year Madam Kelly paid a visit to San Francisco. Each time, at considerable expense, she obtained three choice girls, fresh off the ship from England. She paid off their passage debt, bought them beautiful clothes, and fed them a proper diet until their young bodies lost the last evidence of former poverty and deprivation. She treated them kindly, and when she made her proposition, the girls gratefully accepted. The average age was 16. Most of the girls had been violated in England or aboard ship, but Madam Kelly's soothing words and care soon had them integrated into her plans. They were "virgins."

Or, if the girl was too well-versed in the ways of the scarlet, Madam Kelly invented stories geared to tug the heart-strings of the lonely cowboy or miner the girl was slated to meet.

These stories usually had the girl seduced and abandoned by a lover who had promised marriage but had run away, usually leaving the girl with a child now in a boarding home somewhere. Or, the girl had been raped by a nobleman or government official who had her kidnaped and shipped out of the country and left to the mercy of the world.

Told in the right surroundings, with the right amount of caresses, the American frontiersman was ready to slay dragons for the girl, in addition to paying the high price demanded for her favors by Madam Kelly.

Meanwhile, back at the auction ring, the madam was so successful with the operation in Salida, she decided to expand the show to her other houses and beat the copycats before they caught on. It was at this point that Madam Kelly's "circuit-riding virgins" went into action. The wily madam had worked out a plan so ingenious that she about to supply virgins to all her auctions and cut the cost of production down to almost nothing.

She tried it out first in the proved territory of Salida. Here's the way it worked:

One beautiful spring day, as the winter snows melted from the mountain tops and fed the mountain streams with glistening drops of clean, clear water, and the trees and flowers of the Salida valley hurried into bloom, an exquisite teakwood-paneled closed coach rolled into town behind a brace of magnificent black horses. The carriage ground to a stop in front of Madam Kelly's and out stepped the madam (who was returning from her usual shopping spree in San Francisco) and a girl so stunning that even the hardened house girls stopped to look.

Sidewalk cowboys and lounging miners gaped open-mouthed as the madam led the gorgeous creature up the stairs to the front door of the establishment, where she paused. Speaking in a loud voice, she told two of her servants: "This girl doesn't belong in the usual room. Put her in with me."

With this announcement, the two disappeared inside the house and went up the big, plush stairway into the madam's private suite.

It was only a matter of hours before a rather interesting story was making the rounds of the town, backed up by the personal observations of the boys who had seen the spectacular arrival of the madam and her new charge.

The girl's name was Lisa Manning Courtney. She was 16, and her story was a real tearjerker. She was the only child of one of Britain's top army officers. Her mother had died when she was born, and she had been raised by an Irish nurse until a year before, when her distinguished fighting father was court-martialed and eventually shot because he had pleaded for aid for the families of enlisted men in his regiment. But the good captain had smuggled his child out of England before he died a martyr's death.

The poor child had been found by Madam Kelly, "forlorn and freezing" on the docks of San Francisco, where she had been deposited by a ship's captain who, learning her identity, wanted nothing more than to be rid of his charge. Madam Kelly had offered the girl shelter, which, of course, was immediately accepted by the "child in distress."

The story continued, as the records show, that the madam felt such a beautiful girl with such an illustrious background should have nothing less than a strong, honest mountain man for a husband, one who could teach her the ways women were born to learn.

She had then bundled the girl off to Colorado to find such a man, and now had her segregated from the house girls, living in the luxury of the madam's own chambers, where she was going to stay until the madam picked the man to claim her.

The story grew in proportion until the entire Colorado countryside was fully aware of the girl's presence. The madam helped matters along by allowing the girl to walk through the gaming rooms of the establishment twice nightly, but allowing no one to talk to her.

She was the most gorgeous gal the frontier had ever seen. She had the bearing of a countess and the body of a goddess. Her face had a saintly quality but her full lips reminded one of a ripe peach. Her legs (as much as the madam would allow to be seen), were described as willowy, long, supple and fitted onto the most beau-

(*Continued on page* 70)

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ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

tiful pair of ankles ever to stir the dust of Colorado. She walked with the grace of a fawn and called a halt to the action at the tables whenever she glided through the room.

It was about this time that Madam Kelly received a delegation of cowboys and miners with a grievance to square. They, the group informed the madam, had been true-blue to her establishment for years, taking the bad with the good. They felt that the madam was doing them a grave injustice by not following form and placing Lisa on the regular auction block. After all, she had brought Lisa to Colorado to marry a mountain man. If she didn't let the whole bunch in on the chase fair and square, there was bound to be trouble.

The madam pondered the question and told the group she would put it up to Lisa for a decision. She summoned the girl to the room, told her the desires of the town, and asked her if she would consent to be bid upon under the established rules of the auction—top winner at the tables takes all.

The beautiful girl said she would, and amid the howls of glee from the delegation, she retired to await the big night. Meanwhile, to further stimulate things, Madam Kelly announced she would keep only the money she had spent on clothing and transportation for Lisa; the girl would receive the rest.

THE day was set, and at the appointed hour of opening, the usual huge crowd of gamblers was tripled; everyone trying to start his string of luck earlier than the rest. Never before had there been such gambling in Salida. And never did Madam Kelly's bartenders pour as fast and as free with the booze. By nightfall the house had taken in more than $200,000 in cold cash and dust, and the losers were replaced by gamblers who had waited for hours to get at the tables.

At 8 o'clock sharp Madam Kelly, dressed in her striking orange ensemble, and Lisa, clad in a skin-tight white gown with flowing train, appeared at the top of the staircase. The roar from below was deafening. The madam halted it with a wave of her hand and the terse command to the game-room boss: "Close the tables; it's time!"

Instead of coming down the long staircase and onto the stage, as was the usual procedure, the madam and Lisa stayed put at the top of the stairs. It was an added dramatic bit of showmanship, and the madam was playing it to the hilt. The buzz of voices droned across the big barroom and casino as the gamblers, some 700 strong, checked their purses and counted their winnings.

The crowd was so large that no line-up was possible to the cashier's cage. Another devise had to be found to prove the winner. Madam Kelly was equal to the challenge. She knew the house take, knew the approximate winnings and losings of the day, and promptly asked all those with winnings of under $5,000 to please step back around the tables. This, of course, cleared all but about twenty men out of the cashier's cage area, and all but five of these were soon moved to the back of the room.

The madam then asked each of the five to state his winnings. In a matter of moments all but two men were eliminated—a miner by the name of John Dalton and a cattleman by the name of Frank Spaulding. The cashier counted both men's money, shook his head, and looked toward the staircase.

"They've both got $16,500," he said.

An immediate buzz filled the room. Here was a tough one.

Before the madam could come up with an answer, Dalton, the miner, a big, handsome man with a flashing smile bowed low and said: "Let the lady choose."

"No, by God!" yelled Spaulding, a skinny, gangling young man with a long horse face. "We'll throw the dice; high man wins."

"The dice it is," ruled the madam, and a bartender placed two dice on the marble top of the bar.

Dalton frowned, then grinned and said: "Okay, but we toss out of a hat and on the floor."

Spaulding agreed.

The crowd stayed back, hypnotized. The only sound was the voice of Madam Kelly, who was ruling that Spaulding should throw first.

The cowboy placed the dice in a hat, shook it hard, and dropped the dice to the floor. They spun to a stop and Spaulding let out a whoop. "Six by six makes twelve! By Granny, she's mine! She's mine!"

The crowd yelled and started to move forward. They stopped as the madam called: "Not so fast! Dalton's throw!"

The big miner, grim-faced, picked up the dice, placed them in a hat, shook hard, and dropped them to the floor. One bounced and came up. "Six!" yelled Dalton.

The other dice was still spinning. Dead silence now as the entire room watched the dice spin. As it lost speed, it bounced over and came up five. Spaulding had won his virgin.

He sprang up the steps, swooped his $16,500-bundle of love into his arms and bounced down the stairs, emitting what sounded like a continuous rebel yell. He bounded through the door of the emporium and ran whooping up the street, where the madam's classy teakwood coach waited to carry the couple away.

A circuit judge married the couple the next day. But Spaulding's joy was short-lived. The lovely Lisa, a bride of two weeks, left a note pinned to the nuptual couch that she felt she had failed in her duties as a wife and was going to commit suicide by plunging into the icy mountain river near by.

They found her bonnet and cloak later, but her body was never found.

Spaulding was a defeated, woebegone cowboy. He couldn't understand why his virgin bride felt she had failed as a bed partner. In fact, he confided to a close friend that she had caught on to the love-making right off and was a humdinger of a wife.

But Lisa was gone from Salida and Spaulding forever.

She was not, as the good men of Salida thought, at the bottom of the river, but on her way to another "virgin auction" scheduled for Madam Kelly's Utah brothel, where a similar program was just as big a success as the one in Colorado. In fact, Lisa was probably the most successful hoax ever worked in the brothel circuit of the old West.

Madam Kelly's diary notes that she was sold nineteen times, once for $80,000 in cash.

Her home town, incidentally (according to the madam's lengthy diary), was Little Rock, Arkansas. Her real father was a Union sympathizer who headed West when Arkansas seceeded to fight on the side of the Confederacy. The man was killed in a barroom fight in Sacramento, California. His daughter, little Lisa, lived with a friendly Irish couple in San Francisco until she was hired by Madam Kelly to work the virgin circuit.

Madam Kelly was the first big-time brothel-keeper to operate in the early days of the West. She was a striking woman. Big, with a firm body and a good face, she was considered cold by the men who knew her well. Not so, say the old letters from some of her prize pupils. The girls remember her as "warm, wonderful, and the only mother I ever had."

In some cases, the letters implied that the tough but fair madam had more than a financial and kindly interest in her charges. She was also known to take a new girl in tow for "training in manners and things" for as long as a week. During this time the girl lived in the madam's quarters, shared her daily routine, and was on occasion "up there with the boss behind a locked door for a couple of days at a time."

During these periods the girl did not work in the brothel. And it was only after this special training that she was allowed to begin making money for the house.

Another interesting note gleaned from some of these old, yellowed letters is that the girls were never invited back to share the madam's suite once they began working on the customers.

MADAM KELLY was never known to invite a man friend to her rooms other than for a drink or business conference, which was always conducted at the lunch hour and never at night. It was supposed that if she did have a boy friend, he was somewhere on the Coast, probably San Francisco.

Little is known about Madam Kelly prior to her days of brothel-keeping. That she was of Irish or Scotch heritage is almost a certainty; her deep-blue eyes and flashing red hair were her trademarks. That her real name was Kelly is in doubt.

In 1865 she celebrated her 28th birthday by having the date of her birth (1837) carved on the top of a heavy oak strongbox which she used as a catchall for her personal papers. She burned most of its contents when her fame as a virgin auctioneer beset her with territorial lawmen, who were actually more interested in wining a prize than in closing her down.

She died in the summer of 1910 at the age of 73, but not before she hand-picked her successor and nailed down her considerable fortune to continue Front Street as the mecca for first-class prostitutes with plenty to sell. The girl she chose to succeed her was a good-looking doxy named

Laura Evans. Where Madam Kelly spread her network of bawdy houses across three states, Laura Evans confined her activities to Front Street, and eventually owned every brothel on it.

In a changing tide of time Laura became better known than Madam Kelly. She was shrewd, iron-handed, and handled her two-fisted customers with all the aplomb of a circus lion tamer. No matter how belligerant and drunk a customer got, Laura could shut him up and send him home by merely zeroing in on the guy with a knowing glance from her flashing eyes.

Laura moved her seat of operations out of the flashy building of the old days into an unimposing two-story, yellow-fronted building. Outside it was just another hotel. Inside she kept the old splendor and, if anything, improved on the stock of her ladies of easy virtue. But, as Colorado was undergoing settler pangs, she put her operation out of sight from the view of newcomers.

Laura had another problem to cope with. No longer did her stock come from the San Francisco water front. Her choice morsels were now pure U.S. high-grade doxies, fresh from the crowded, pitifully poor mining and industrial areas of America. English, Irish and Welsh accents were replaced by those from Boston, New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. America, now industrializing at a great speed, was finding herself with the same terrible problems of housing and food as England had. And at the same time was raising a considerable crop of home-grown prostitutes every bit as tragic and hungry as their sisters of the streets of London, Paris, Brussels and Rome.

But such was Laura's new talent that she had the reputation of housing the best beauty available anywhere in the West.

So fabulous were the charms of Laura's choice entertainers that men, seeking the envy and respect of their drinking companions, boasted in bars as far away as San Francisco that they had patronized Laura's Salida house.

The throne room from which Laura directed her pleasure business was a sight a visitor never forgot. It was a huge high-ceilinged room, its walls lined with wolf, elk and bearskins, all gifts from customers who sought the favors of her girls after a winter of lonely mountain life.

The largest piece of furniture in the room was also the most spectacular in the entire house. It was a huge, beautifully ornate, canopied four-poster, a bed of such luxury that you could conjure up visions of past days and deeds with little or no trouble at all.

It was from this room that Laura finished out her working days, which ended by public demand shortly after World War II. The "close order" didn't come, however, until after thousands of GI's had sampled the wares which had made Front Street in Salida a famous place.

Front Street today is a colorless residential area, but the drab old yellow house where Laura lived out her last years still sparks the memory of many a Colorado man who, in passing, might whisper to a man friend that "there's the place where one of Laura's girls and I showed the town a thing or two!"

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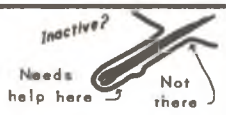

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(Continued on page 75)

GAY GIRLS WHO TRIPPED HITLER'S ACE SPYMASTER

(Continued from page 13)

reports for one week until agent appears again."

He took the note, detached a rubber heel from his left shoe, secreted the paper in the hole and replaced the heel. Then Buchalter, a spy for the American OSS, drove unhurriedly to the flat in suburban Dahlem, where Oscar Michaels would take the message and transmit it later by short wave to England.

It was past midnight when he reached the apartment and was admitted by the scholarly Michaels, a Berlin-born German who hated Hitler and served the Allies. Michaels was a bald hawk of a man with troubled dark eyes. His legs had been smashed by Gestapo agents at an interrogation five years before.

Now he sat in his wheel chair and said eagerly: "I take it that Gorgon has been approached, that the beast was hungry for a woman and we will have results in the not too distant future? Yours is a risky undertaking, my friend, for Canaris is clever. More than clever; he's devilish. We'd all hang if he learned of our plans."

The American was busy unscrewing his heel again. He took out the scrap of paper and handed it to Oscar Michaels. "Please send this out to London at the usual transmission time. Canaris is smart, but you Germans tend to overestimate him, *Herr* Michaels. He's not quite the superman you think he is. The admiral has a great weakness—women. And we're going to press on his weak spot until we learn things. Operation Gorgon may still be worth five divisions to the Allied side."

"I hope you're right," Michaels replied somberly, staring at his useless legs. He wheeled his chair to the sideboard. "And now some wine. To Vera and the other girls who are waiting to do their jobs!"

They drank solemnly.

When a grave spokesman for the BBC announced on a September morning in 1939 that Britain was at war with Hitler's Germany, a small, meek-appearing man rubbed his hands with satisfaction. He went to the closet in his room in the German War Office at No. 14 Bendlerstrasse in Berlin and critically inspected the gold-braided naval uniform which tailors had just delivered to him. But he was to wear it only on state occasions.

One week before 60-year-old Walter Canaris had been elevated by Adolf Hitler to the post of admiral, though he confessed to his few intimates that even being in a rowboat was enough to make him seasick. The impressive naval title concealed the true function of the man—espionage.

Canaris had worked at the spy trade for more than a quarter-century. The quiet, clever son of a Greek family which had become German in everything but name, Canaris began his remarkable spy career in 1914, after serving as commander on the cruiser *Dresden*.

Always unhappy while at sea, the young commander brought his ship to neutral Chile at the outbreak of World War I. Here Canaris and his crew were interned. A member of the Kaiser's spy force, the dreaded Abwehr, visited the internment camp in the guise of a Red Cross worker. This German agent slipped Canaris a pistol, a wire cutter and forged papers which enabled him to escape the country.

Eagerly Canaris applied for a spy post with the Abwehr after returning to Germany on a raider disguised as a merchantman. In Berlin he was accepted in the Imperial Intelligence Service, where he soon won admiration for his resourcefulness and cunning.

Canaris' first assignment was to become Otto Seliger, a cloth broker, in New York City. In this role he quietly sent daily reports to Berlin concerning American war preparedness measures. In Manhattan he also plotted and executed the dynamiting of the Canadian Car & Foundry Company.

He was pulled out of the United States just before this nation entered the war in 1917. Sent to Spain to organize a spy network there, he met a dark-eyed, exotic cafe dancer named Margaret Gertrude Zelle, who danced professionally under the name of Mata Hari. In Arabic this means "eye of the morning."

Canaris was 38, a wispy little fellow, quick of mind and slow to speak. He always stood with his back to the wall when entering a room or receiving visitors. He had a horror of shaking hands because of a lifelong fear of germs.

With a face which was more Levantine than German because of its high cheekbones, skinny, sallow Walter Canaris was not a figure to excite the romantic imagination of women. Or so his fellow spies thought.

But he must have had something which stirred the girls, for in March of 1917, a week after she met him, Mata Hari wrote glowingly to her sister in Alsace: "My Walter is a lover of lovers. To the eye, he is unprepossessing, but he is a centaur, a stallion, the giver of joy and dispenser of ecstasy in this world!"

Canaris finally tired of the dancer and arranged to betray her to the French Secret Service. In describing her work he used a code which he knew had been broken by French intelligence agents.

Mata Hari was seized in Paris in November, 1917 and executed soon afterward. It was not the last time W.W. Canaris was to callously get rid of a paramour who was becoming a bore.

In the uneasy years following the Versailles Treaty few people in Europe or America heard of Walter Canaris. His big spy coups of World War I were forgotten; many Allied political and military leaders thought the wily Abwehr agent was dead.

The small, inconspicuous man was merely biding his time. As did other opportunists, he spotted an ex-corporal named Hitler as a demagogue who could stir Germany to new wrath. Canaris was a collaborator with Hitler in the ill-fated Beer Hall Putsch of 1923.

From 1926 on Canaris seemed to drop from sight. But in a small undesignated office in Berlin's Defense Ministry an obscure lieutenant-commander named Jaeger Frolich worked steadily for the next seven years, until Hitler became Chancellor. Frolich was a mousy, uncommunicative man who excited the envy of his superiors by the beauty and number of the women who picked him up in their cars when the building closed at 5:45 p.m. each day.

Frolich, according to evidence given at the Nuremberg trials, was actually Wilhelm Canaris.

One day in 1935 Hitler received a letter from a woman who claimed to have worked for the German Secret Service in 1918 while still in her teens.

"I now offer my life to the Third Reich," she wrote, "hoping to share in building a new world for the greater glory of National Socialism and the Aryan race."

Canaris was given the letter and sent for its author. She proved to be 33-year-old Baroness Reissa von Einem, a sensual blonde woman with a streak of opportunism as wide as the spy chief's. She quickly became his mistress and performed many espionage jobs in Czechoslovakia, France and Poland.

Walter Canaris tired of the baroness in time. In April, 1942 she was arrested by the Gestapo while dining at the Eiffel Tower restaurant in Paris with Otto Abetz, military governor of the French capital. Papers had been planted in her purse which falsely linked her with British intelligence agents. Charged with being a double agent, she hotly maintained to the end that she had been framed by her aging lover, Canaris.

At 6 a.m. on May 15 a spindly little man wearing dark glasses and an admiral's uniform drove to the Ploetzensee Prison in Berlin and was deferentially escorted to the courtyard, where a firing squad stood ready.

Showing no emotion, Walter Canaris stood hunched against the cold stone and watched while the golden-haired Reissa von Einem was brought in by guards. She spurned the blindfold offered her and died cursing Canaris.

He shrugged indifferently and walked away with his bodyguards. In his coat pocket was a small leather notebook filled with the names and addresses of scores of girls and women who would be only too happy to welcome the dry little spy to their arms and beds.

Even as he thought pleasurably of the sensual delights which awaited him with other women, a group of men in a bomb-damaged London loft building were going over the personal habits of Walter Wilhelm Canaris. They intended to checkmate the little-known spymaster who had served the Kaiser and Adolf Hitler with impartial skill.

The scheme to outfox the Abwehr chief was planned by Col. William "Wild Bill" Donovan, colorful head of the Office of Strategic Services, America's own unpublicized but vastly effective spy network.

(Author's Note: Before his death several years ago Donovan often remarked with satisfaction that he was proud of the OSS planning and co-ordination which resulted in thwarting Canaris at several vital

(Continued on page 76)

Continued from page 73

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points in the spy chief's World War II career.)

As the OSS man in charge of the briefing said: "Canaris has been regarded as a superman for almost thirty years, but Willie is a mouse with an insatiable appetite for one particular kind of bait. That bait is women, gentlemen. We are now ready to set the trap."

My name is Norton S. Bowers and I played no role in the OSS' Operation Gorgon other than to serve as its chronicler. In early 1942 I began service with the American spy group as a radio operator and translator; in that capacity I received and decoded the messages sent by Buchalter over Oscar Michaels' secret transmitter in Berlin.

After the war, still intrigued by unfinished bits and gaps in the Canaris story, I did further research into Operation Gorgon. The files of the Abwehr were made available by the Foreign Office at Bonn; and examination of hitherto classified OSS documents enabled me to prepare this account.

Thus we now know that the wily Canaris, head of a global spy apparatus with 800 agents, was as weak as the most impressionable high-school boy when he was confronted by an attractive woman.

I was present on Monday, April 20, 1942, when OSS men in our Clerkenwell Road headquarters in London were visited by Toby Hart, the theatrical agent.

Said Lyle S. Billings, a former Minnesota newspaper editor who was in charge of Operation Gorgon for Col. Donovan: "We can speak freely in front of Toby, gentlemen. He's working for us. He's an American, though he's lived in London so long he even sounds like a Cockney."

Toby Hart was a bustling, bald man with incredible energy and a vast circle of friends in the entertainment world. He was accompanied by a young man in the uniform of the American Air Force. He introduced his friend as Airman 2/c George Buchalter of San Jose, California, age 27, a former actor who had toured Europe in "Charlot's Revue" in 1938, after landing the job through Hart.

Lyle Billings examined a sheaf of papers and said: "Buchalter is the ideal man for the job, according to Toby. He's resourceful, speaks German like a native, and is aware of the danger he faces if he's caught. A soldier caught posing as a civilian in the Reich in wartime would be shot."

"I know that, sir," said Buchalter, "but I want to go."

He was a stocky man with an open, engaging face, searching blue eyes and a cowlick of yellow hair. In my mind's eye I could see him in the uniform of the Wehrmacht. He would look like one of them. Buchalter could easily pass as the ideal Aryan type promoted by Hitler's race theorists.

Three members of Buchalter's father's family had been imprisoned and killed by the Nazis because of their anti-Hitler sentiments. The California clan of Buchalters had every reason to loathe the Nazis and what they stood for.

Instinctively I liked George Buchalter and felt new respect for Billings and Hart. Shrewdly they had picked the ideal man to go to the Reich for Operation Gorgon.

The room was darkened now and a man with rolled-up shirt sleeves began to run a noisy 8-mm movie machine. Lyle Billings provided the commentary.

"You are now going to see the three young women who will be a most important part of Operation Gorgon. They are waiting in Stockholm. Sven Pierson, a theatrical agent there and a friend of Toby's, has small jobs for them in Sweden until they are needed by Buchalter in Germany.

"Here is the first girl—Vera Carstairs. Her mother and a sister were killed in the air raids on Coventry. Vera has an obsession about Nazis. She's a schoolteacher and has studied German for ten months. She'll be the first girl Buchalter will use on Canaris."

I stared with interest as two sequences of Vera unfolded on the little screen. I saw the teacher as herself, a pretty but reserved Englishwoman wearing a conservative, tailored suit and horn-rimmed glasses on her nose. She was the kind of girl you'd be pleased to present to your mother.

The next film strip was incredible. It was hard for me to believe this was the same girl. I saw Vera Carstairs in a clinging satin dress which was much too tight. She wore high-heeled open-toed shoes, a fur stole, and her hair was arranged in the saucy bangs which were the fashion among German streetwalkers that year.

The OSS was thorough; she was the archetype of a Berlin trollop.

Vera walked across the screen with a swagger, her eyes bold and inviting, her brows elongated with make-up pencil and her lips moist and half-parted. One could envision the voluptuous pleasures peddled by this new girl, Vera "Schmidt," and how an old lecher like Walter Canaris would snap hungrily at such bait.

I felt my own mouth grow dry and desire spring to life at the sight of the wanton girl who minced across the screen with such feline grace in that darkened room. Other OSS men coughed, made wisecracks or sat drinking her in. The reel flickered to the end and the room lights went on.

Billings continued matter-of-factly: "Buchalter will be dropped into France next Thursday night if the weather boys say it's okay. Once in France he will bury his chute and become Louis Monteaux, a Vichy government clerk, and then will make his way to the border.

"He'll cross into Germany at Mulheim, where he becomes Erich Pommer. Here are his German papers. From Mulheim he can get a bus to Feiburg and then a train to Berlin. With these *Arbeitsdienst* labor documents, Pommer will find a job

"Okay, wise guy, strip poker it is!"

in the capital. Our man there, Oscar Michaels, will help him.

"Vera will arrive in Berlin two weeks after you get there, Buchalter. Pierson in Stockholm still does business with the Reich; he has a troupe opening at the Stammisch Theater shortly. Vera will be in the chorus line. Once in Berlin she'll become Vera Schmidt, the streetwalker. Then it becomes your job, Buchalter, to get her to Canaris. Do you understand?"

Buchalter said confidently: "I've got it, sir. Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to see the films of the other two girls I'm to work with. Seemah Youssuf, the Egyptian, and Hulda Schechter, the girl from Stettin. If they're as clever and good looking as Vera, we're down the home stretch."

Lyle Billings chuckled and lit a cigarette. "Don't worry, my boy, the other girls are also tops. Real dolls and smart as they come. And they're dedicated; they have every reason to hate the Nazis in general and Canaris in particular. Hawkins, roll those other reels now."

THE jewelry shop of Martin Braunwig & Son vanished after the Allied bombings of Berlin. But in 1942 it stood at No. 16 Kurfurstendamm, that showy thoroughfare of cabarets, cinemas and expensive shops frequented by courtesans who were well-rewarded for their love by Nazi top brass.

Vera Carstairs "Schmidt" could tell that Canaris was a favored customer in the jewelry store. Fawning Martin Braunwig himself—sporting a Nazi lapel swastika designed from seed pearls—bowed low and rubbed his hands expectantly as he showed Admiral Canaris a diamond pendant.

For three weeks the English girl had made the taciturn little spymaster happy. She had refrained from commenting or joking about his diet; he was a vegetarian and a health-food addict, who boasted that celery tonic, wheat germ, molasses and yogurt were all a man needed to retain and intensify virility until he reached 80 or older.

After her first few dates with Canaris, Vera was set up in a lavish Adlon Hotel suite by the Abwehr boss. Money was no problem to Canaris. He was the first, and probably the last, spy in history to be worth over a million dollars. He amassed this fortune through artful speculation in the stock markets of six nations; by stealing gold from the teeth of dead Poles, Jews, Czechs and Frenchmen; and by buying expropriated stores and factories in the occupied lands at ridiculously low prices.

The quiet little mystery man had more than $800,000 on deposit in Swiss banks, Allied investigators learned in 1946. His stolen art treasures and rare coin collection were worth another $300,000.

Canaris critically examined the diamond pendant which Martin Braunwig lovingly brought from his safe. "How does this bauble suit you, *liebchen?*" said the little man. Then he gestured imperiously to a tall man of erect military bearing, half of whose face had a red and boiled look. One eye was an empty, staring socket.

This was Capt. Johan Kurttz, the admiral's aide, a career officer in the German navy. One morning, while sorting the admiral's incoming mail, he had opened an official-looking parcel mailed from Hamburg. Inside was an infernal device; the explosive had gone off in Kurttz's hand, severing three fingers and costing him his left eye and half his face.

The bomb had been intended for Walter Wilhelm Canaris. The spy boss was superstitious. He had quavered in his reedy voice: "You bring me luck, Kurttz. That bomb was meant for me. I want you around whenever I need you."

Now Canaris asked: "Capt. Kurttz, what do you think of *Fraulein* Schmidt's new pendant? Does it look like it's worth the money? This bandit Braunwig wants 30,000 marks for it. But she is worth the pendant, *nein?*"

Even as she simpered her gratitude, the English girl who had successfully passed as a Berlin trollop noted that Capt. Kurttz's remaining eye was burning into her face and raking her bosom. There was desire and a lost look in that icy blue eye.

He wants me, she thought with surprise. The poor maimed devil is hungry for a woman but he's embarrassed because of his face. Maybe he's the key to Canaris, who isn't talking about official business, even to me.

As the Abwehr head was grumbling and paying the bill for the pendant, Vera said archly to Kurttz in a low voice: "You are a man who has sacrificed much for the Reich, Captain. I would like to know you better. But the admiral is so jealous and seldom lets me leave my rooms."

The captain fingered his scarred and reddened face self-consciously. "Do you really mean, *fraulein*, that you do not find my face repulsive, that it does not horrify you?"

She rubbed her hand caressingly along his arm. "What is a face, captain, when there is so much more to a man like you? Why not come and visit me when Canaris is away on business?"

In this manner began a six-week liaison with the mutilated aristocrat, Johan Kurttz. Vera luckily was able to keep Canaris from learning of her secret assignations with his trusted naval aide.

On February 3 Vera bought an ersatz chocolate bar at the Charlottenburg Station and, as any Berlin harlot would, fell into ready conversation with "Erich Pommer," who also stood at the lunch counter.

She said in a brassy tone: "You look like a live one, maybe a Swabian or a Westphalian. They're the strongest men." Several nondescript men near by guffawed. Still, any one of these seedy Germans might be a Gestapo or Abwehr agent; she was taking no chances. "My fee for a night's friendship is 100 Reichsmarks, *mein herr;* not bad, considering the inflation."

The other customers smirked and turned away to other matters. Buchalter, the American, who was dresed in the shoddy suit of a low-paid Berlin workman, walked away with the overdressed young woman clinging to his arm.

As they emerged from the station, the doleful wail of air-raid sirens filled the air. Haggard civilians dutifully trudged to the nearest bunker. Overhead Allied planes dropped time bombs, air torpedoes, mines and the terrifying phosphorus sticks,

(*Continued on page* 78)

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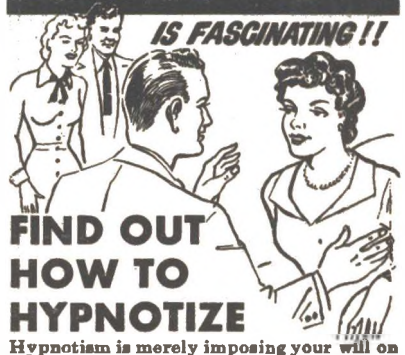

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which can flare up a week after they've been dropped.

In the air raid shelter Vera crouched next to George Buchalter and engaged in banter as British bombers droned overhead. An old woman who was mumbling her prayers looked scornfully at the painted streetwalker and huffily moved away.

"I've got news," the girl whispered tensely. "The scar-faced captain, Kurttz, was drunk last night. I gave him many glasses of champagne which Canaris keeps stocked in my rooms. There's something big afoot."

"Hurry up, tell me. Fondle me, the others down here will think you're rustling up business," Buchalter whispered.

She gave a creditable performance of a streetwalker drumming up business for the night. As she fingered his necktie and nibbled at his ear, the English girl whispered: "Kurttz raved that there's something called Project Cartwheel ready to break. Pierre Laval, the French traitor, is in on it. Laval met with Canaris last Thursday at Vichy. It's big. They're sending a Petain Frenchman to London. He's to work with the de Gaulle people there, posing as a patriot. Laval's man is to get information from the Free French about Allied troop movements, then he'll relay the details to a man in London who has a short-wave transmitter."

"How will Laval's man get to England?"

"He's coming in a small boat and will say he's deserted from Darlan's naval forces. His papers are in order and Canaris, who cooked up the plan, is sending him across the Channel next Friday."

There was a shocking reverberation overhead and a trolley conductor hurried down the steps, his face ashen. "The British swine have hit the *Gedachtniskirche*," he babbled. "It's a shambles. They destroyed 200 houses in the Grunewald tonight. I heard it on the wireless."

While the other bunker occupants were discussing this depressing news, Buchalter nuzzled his face in Vera's neck. He muttered: "Get the names of Canaris' agents. Also their addresses in England. I've got to have the identities of that Frenchman and his London contact. Work on Kurttz quickly!"

It's not known what demands mutilated Capt. Kurttz made on Vera. But it has been established that in Dortmund in 1932, just before Hitler came to power, Kurttz had been arrested and convicted of lewd behavior with two 14-year-old girls from an exclusive private school. He served eight months for this offense.

Two nights later, by prearrangement, Vera met the American OSS agent at a florist's shop on the Mariendorf, one block from Berlin's Titania Palast. Vera looked terrible; she seemed to have aged ten years.

"That Kurttz is a dog," she said woodenly. "But I always finish what I start. Anything that will hurt the Germans makes me happy. I still see my family in Coventry when the bombs fell. Just blood and scattered skin and clothing."

Buchalter patted her trembling shoulders. He bought her a nosegay and led her from the flower shop.

"The names, Vera! Did you get the names and addresses of Canaris' men?"

He fished for a cigarette and she passed him a book of matches. Written inside the cover was the information: "Lerieau, Leon, Lieutenant-Commander, French Navy; will stay at Sherrod's Hotel in London. Joseph Kincheloe, piano tuner; No. 51 Prince Street, London W1."

ON the night of February 15 a bedraggled French naval officer landed from a rubber dinghy on the beach near Dover and told a harrowing story of his escape from the Vichy forces.

"I want to fight with French patriots here, *messieurs*," said Leon Lerieau in a choked voice. "Give me a corvette, a destroyer, anything. Any job. The boche must be purged from *la belle* France."

After his detailed account of the "escape," Lieut.-Commander Lerieau was given a new uniform, some British currency, identity cards, and granted a ten-day leave before reporting to de Gaulle's London headquarters for duty. With his English money he had a fine dinner, some wine, and rented a room at Sherrod's Hotel, as British agents took secret motion pictures of the Frenchman signing the hotel registry.

He also bought a portable typewriter, a small camera, photographic papers and chemicals, and took a cab from Sherrod's to No. 51 Prince Street. When he knocked on the door of Kincheloe's flat, Scotland Yard detectives arrested him and took the fake de Gaullist to headquarters, where Kincheloe had already been detained.

In the piano tuner's flat police and intelligence agents found a short-wave transmitter concealed in a battered piano, invisible ink, a microfilming machine, several codes prepared by Canaris' cryptographers, and two revolvers.

Word of the London execution of the two spies, Lerieau and Kincheloe, was leaked to the Abwehr head by a German agent residing in beleaguered Dover. At the moment Walter Wilhelm Canaris heard the grim news, he was taking a bath in goat's milk in Suite 409 of the Adlon Hotel. Vera was serving as his bathmaid, scrubbing the man's bony back.

Among the Abwehr head's idiosyncrasies was a fixed belief that goat's milk, used as a substitute for bath water, would fortify a man against flu germs and helped prolong his virility.

Canaris handed the girl the telephone after he heard the message and said with cold fury, as she dried him with two fleecy towels: "It was that stupid, one-eyed Kurttz who must have talked. That explosion addled his mind; he is a fool when he drinks. I should have done something long before this. Kurttz has outlived his usefulness."

Wisely Vera said nothing, though she feared at the moment for her own safety. Two days later the body of a scarred and one-eyed man was found floating in the Wannsee, Berlin's famous resort lake. Upon orders from the Abwehr, the metropolitan police hastily closed their investigation into the man's death.

The soggy corpse was taken away from the morgue in a truck provided by the Sicherheitsdienst, the security service. There's no official record of the death or burial of the one-eyed man. But there's little doubt that the body was that of Johan Kurttz.

A driver named Hans Buehler, who had been a sailor, knew Kurttz by sight and had viewed the corpse under the tarpaulin.

"On Canaris' orders I drove the truck to an Abwehr supply building at 6 Grenzalle," he said in a deposition to the Allied War Crimes Commission in 1947. "Three of Canaris' agents took the waterlogged body, signed a receipt for it, and that's the last I heard."

When Canaris returned to the Hotel Adlon for another session with Vera, he was informed that his mistress had left the hotel the previous day. She never returned.

"The girl was a cheap hussy, though she had certain skills," Canaris said with a shrug. "I shall not search for her. There are many other women."

He failed to link Vera with Kurttz or with the collapse of Project Cartwheel.

With her job in Germany finished, Vera made her way to the Netherlands and from there, with the help of the underground, to England on a fishing boat.

She lives in Bayswater today and is married to a telephone repairman.

"ERICH POMMER," a punch press operator at the Borsig Works, was an efficient and jovial man who was liked by his fellow workers and superiors. He sang the "*Horst Wessel*" song in a fine baritone. Only one man eyed him with hostility. This was Otto Schroth, the shop steward, who was rumored to be an agent for the Gestapo or the Abwehr.

Once George Buchalter found Schroth going through his locker. "Looking for something, *Herr* Schroth?" the man known as Pommer asked pleasantly.

Schroth was a weedy, sandy-haired man with a dyspeptic expression and soft white hands which were unused to manual labor. He looked at the number on the locker. "Oh, this is No. 505. Mine is 515. I made a mistake. Excuse it, *bitte*," he said, sauntering away.

Buchalter frowned. Had it been an actual mistake? Or were Schroth's suspicions aroused for some reason? Had he been looking for evidence to be used against Erich Pommer, the new employee in the shop?

Two days later an urchin brought a penciled message to Buchalter's rented room in the Schillerstrasse. It read: "Your cousin Trudi has arrived and wants to see you." The American knew it was from Oscar Michaels.

He shaved, put on a clean but frayed workman's blue shirt, and peddled off on his bike to the flat of the crippled man.

A girl was waiting there for him. Her skin was dark and her large eyes were expressive and inquisitive. The young woman seemed to ripple and move invitingly even while she was in repose.

Oscar Michaels leaned forward in his wheel chair and said: "This is Seemah Youssuf from Cairo. She has been booked as a singer at the Schauspielhaus Theater, where Canaris has the first upper box to the left. He goes there on Thursday nights. The Swedish theatrical agent Pierson sent Seemah here. She is reliable."

Buchalter eyed her silk-sheathed legs, her big bosom, her promising wide mouth. "You know this is dangerous work," he said curtly. "Why do you hate Canaris?"

Before replying, the Egyptian girl opened her purse and took out a snapshot. It showed a gay and handsome boy of 12 or so, with curly black hair, a laughing mouth and eyes very much like Seemah's.

"This was my little brother Ahmed," she said quietly. "Canaris was in Cairo two years ago. His car ran over Ahmed and killed him, but the German waved his chauffeur on. He never looked back. Poor Ahmed, so young! I have reason to hate Canaris."

Buchalter nodded and handed the photo back. He said: "Canaris likes girl-and-leg shows. I'm told that this new revue you're in has plenty of that to attract him. Play up to Canaris; give him the eye. He may bite."

She lit a perfumed cigarette and said savagely: "He'll bite, as you call it. I will meet the admiral!"

On a Thursday evening in March Walter Canaris appeared in his box at the Schauspielhaus with Hans Freeling, the Nazis co-ordinator of the once-respected *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* newspaper; Dr. Gerhard Wagner, a leading Reich physician, who mixed weird aphrodisiacs and "muscle toners" for the aging Abwehr chief; and Alfred Frossel, Hitler's director of the Reich Theater Chamber.

It had been a bad month. There had been no let-up in the fighting on the Eastern Front. The Russians had exploited the 25-below-zero cold and the snowstorms as a screen around Stalingrad. The Reds had brought forward many new tanks, and the skirmish lines had advanced swiftly on snowshoes. Worry about Stalingrad had soared in Germany; important Nazis privately agreed that Gen. Paulus had been cut off by the Russians.

This concern was reflected on the gray faces of the men in the theater box tonight. But Seemah Youssuf, clad in a leotard and carrying a white poodle, sang gay and risque songs in a throaty German with Middle East overtones. She played to the upper box, winking and posturing. Canaris leaned forward and rubbed his straggly white moustache.

His new aide was a Maj. Bruno Neumann, a fanatical Nazi, who stood outside the box while Canaris and his friends enjoyed the show. Just before the final act ended, the Abwehr head scribbed a note and said brusquely to Maj. Neumann: "Take this backstage to the Egyptian girl. Wait for her answer. See that she says yes. I will take her to dinner and a cabaret."

Seemah kept a diary, which she later turned over to Buchalter for the records of the OSS. Some of the entries are revealing:

"March 18: C. is a pig. He gave me a wallet made of human skin, presented to him by the Auschwitz camp commandant. He expects me to be grateful.

"March 23: I'm glad this Sunday is over. C's wife is visiting relatives in Mainz. He took me to his villa at Zehlendorf. He likes to watch vile movies in a projection room at his house while he is making love to me."

"April 2: The admiral is close-mouthed about his work, the little toad! But his aide Neumann admires me, I can tell. I will work on the major."

It was during the two weeks that Seemah was exercising her charms on Maj. Neumann that George Buchalter discovered the shop steward Otto Schroth ransacking his room one night. The Yank had returned from a neighborhood movie early, when the propaganda film proved too tedious to sit through.

Schroth was holding one of "Pommer's" shoes; he had unscrewed the heel and inspected a slip of rice paper which contained a progress report on the Egyptian girl's dual affair with Canaris and Maj. Neumann.

"I had a feeling that you weren't Pommer," said the intruder, reaching for his gun. "You are spying on a very important personage and this paper proves it. What are you? *Americanischer? Englander?*"

(*Author's Note: At Nuremberg Schroth was erroneously identified as a Befehlsheber from the Gestapo. This was wrong. He was an Abwehr agent responsible only to Admiral Canaris, because of the vital war work being performed by the Borsig Works where Buchalter was employed.*)

Desperately the American's mind raced in circles. There was only one way out. He kicked suddenly at a chair, which fell against Otto Schroth's knees, causing the gun to waver momentarily. Buchalter dived for the weapon and wrested it from Schroth.

The OSS man crashed the gun against the Abwehr agent's temple and grasped the man's scrawny throat. He applied relentless pressure until the German went limp. Buchalter took all papers from the dead man and rolled the corpse under the bed.

Quickly he packed his meager possessions into a small trunk, fastened it to the luggage carrier of his bicycle, and peddled off in the night to Oscar Michaels' flat.

This much was certain in Buchalter's mind: Erich Pommer also was dead; he could no longer exist. After Canaris' agent was found murdered in the dingy room, every agent and policeman in Nazi Germany would be looking for the missing Pommer.

But he had to get Seemah Youssuf's report quickly; he prayed that she had been lucky and had been able to get precious information from Maj. Neumann.

The dusky singer from the Schauspielhaus chorus line sat in Oscar Michaels' quarters sipping chicory coffee and cursing in Arabic. Then she said in German: "All the Nazis are swine, sons of barren camels! This Neumann is no exception. Imagine, he bragged that every German man should make love only to blonde Aryan women with wide-open blue eyes, round faces and pink-and-white flesh. But that didn't keep the major from enjoying my own dark skin and brown eyes for many nights recently."

"But what did you find out from him?" the American asked anxiously. "You've had time, Seemah. Did he talk about Canaris and the Abwehr? What is the admiral up to now?"

(*Continued on page* 80)

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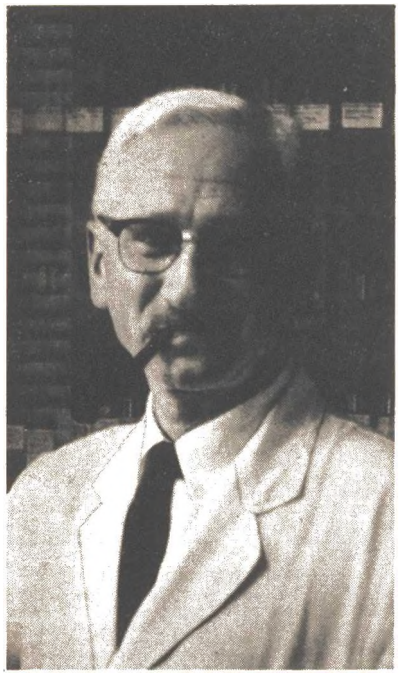

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Seemah Youssuf finished her coffee and said an odd thing. "Where is Mare Island, my friend?"

Buchalter reacted as if she had prodded him with a charged wire. "Why, it's in my own state. In California! Just across from the town of Vallejo. It's the biggest shipyard and submarine base on the West Coast. Why do you ask?"

"Neumann got very drunk in my arms last night. I have ways of learning things from any man who wants certain things from me. He mumbled about this Mare Island place. Two Abwehr men work there. They have American citizenship papers and names. Two nights from now there is to be a terrible explosion in that place. The two workmen in California are arranging it. The admiral promised Hitler he would help the Japs against the Americans in the Pacific war. An explosion at Mare Island is one way of doing it."

Buchalter grabbed her arm and held it until the flesh became mottled. "The names of those two men in America, Seemah! I must know their names!"

She pulled her arm away angrily. "Stop it, you hurt! I—I think he mentioned the names. Let me think—Bleyer—no—Speyer. That's it. Speyer is one—a welder. But I can't remember the other man's name."

"You must! Please, for God's sake, close your eyes and think. Try to remember what the major said *Think!*"

She closed her eyes and even crusty Oscar Michaels, a 55-year-old bachelor, gulped hard as he drank in the Egyptian woman's beauty. Long lashes, a pulsating throat, musky flesh. She opened her eyes and sat bolt upright.

"I remember now! It's Foster—he's an electrician."

The American kissed her, but there was more than affection; there was heartfelt thanks in the kiss. "Get it on the short wave in code to London, Oscar. Quick! It's a matter of life and death. It will take time to notify the Americans, to find and arrest the men, to search the Mare Island yards. I've been there. The place is miles long; 40,000 people work there, with hundreds of ships, cranes and docks."

On April 9 Herman Speyer, age 33, and John S. Foster, 32, were arrested by the FBI in a Vallejo, California rooming house on charges of espionage. A search of their rooms revealed TNT, percussion caps, wires, detonators, and six powerful bombs rigged in cheap suitcases and lunch boxes.

A week later the fuming Japanese ambassador in Berlin protested that there had been no explosion at Mare Island as the Nazis had promised. Canaris was summoned to the Foreign Office and was interrogated about the failure. The admiral voiced his suspicions of his trusted aide Neumann.

This time the major, realizing that he would be taken into custody in a matter of hours, shot himself with his service revolver. If he suspected the Egyptian girl of having repeated his drunken revelations, he left no note or statement which would incriminate Seemah Youssuf.

So far Operation Gorgon had scored two hits, no errors. The OSS men in London and Washington were jubilant. But Buchalter, living in Berlin without papers now (he had destroyed all documents identifying him as Erich Pommer), slept fitfully in the basement of Oscar Michaels' apartment building. He was waiting for the third and last girl to arrive and fulfill her part of the scheme to checkmate Canaris.

The spring came and suddenly it was May 1, 1943.

This Communist holiday in Russia was marked by boastful broadcasts that the Reds would destroy 25,000,000 Germans. On the home front the news was equally somber. Allied raids had wrecked one-third of the Krupp works in Essen; the Mohne and Eder dams had been pulverized; 5,000 homes and buildings in Berlin itself had been leveled.

Walter Wilhelm Canaris was worried. He looked 75, not 61. Hitler, Goering and Goebbels had bragged about "our incomparable Argus-eyed admiral and his Abwehr which knows everything." Now, with two serious setbacks, the spy chief frowned and his shoulders sagged as he entered the small vegetarian restaurant on Unter den Linden and ordered yogurt, a barley crumpet and carrot juice.

There was a new waitress on duty at his table. She was a fresh-faced, buxom girl who epitomized Nordic womanhood. The weary Abwehr head looked at her approvingly, eying the well-turned ankles, the low-cut uniform, the rosy cheeks.

Her name, she told him when he asked, was Hulda Schechter. She was 23, from a farm near Stettin, and fervently believed that health foods and a meat-free diet were good for a woman's beauty as well as for a man's strength.

Hulda added demurely: "I can tell, *mein herr,* that you have the vigor of a man of 30. Age is only a matter of proteins and one's outlook. My own father is 60 and looks 30, like yourself, a bull of a man. A sane diet kept him young."

Walter Canaris rose to the bait like a hungry fish. This girl was a rare find; a simple German lass with a fine body, sensible health habits, and utterly devoted to his own fanatical food theories. He had his first date with Hulda that night. Her performance was vigorous and highly pleasing to the spindly spymaster.

When she reported on the auspicous start of her affair with the elderly admiral, Oscar Michaels said to Buchalter: "Who is this girl? How do we know she isn't a Nazi?"

The American eagerly wolfed the sausages the crippled man had cooked for him. He was weary of hiding by day and emerging from his cellar hole only at night.

"Her mother is German, and she's now using her mother's name, but her father was an English seaman. He was lost with all the others aboard the battleship *Royal Oak* when the Nazis sunk it at Scapa Flow. Hulda has every reason to despise Canaris."

Michaels nodded. He remembered that it was Admiral Canaris, using a Swiss watchmaker in Kirkwall as his eyes and ears, who had engineered the sinking of the proud *Royal Oak* as she lay at anchor in Scapa Flow.

The crippled man said: "*Ja,* I agree. Hulda should do a god job on Canaris.

When she is through with him, we can close the books on Operation Gorgon, and you can get out of Germany, my friend, while you still have your life."

It was a Saturday night in bombed-out Berlin. The revelers on the Kurfurstendamm—soldiers and sailors for the most part, with a scattering of war workers—had reluctantly gone to the air-raid bunkers, for enemy bombers were overhead again for the fifth night that week. The kettledrums of the antiaircraft guns beat at the ears of George Buchalter and Hulda Schechter as they talked hurriedly in an alley behind a restaurant.

"The admiral wants to divorce his wife and marry me," Hulda said. "He has told me something very important. Churchill is conferring with Anthony Eden and Allied officials in North Africa. German agents there have reported this to Canaris. The Luftwaffe has been ordered to intercept the BOAC plane which will carry Mr. Churchill back to England. They intend to shoot it down."

Buchalter was incredulous. "Are you telling me the truth, Hulda?"

She said bitterly: "Look at my arms, my back. Canaris likes to hit women. He is a sadist when he thinks he is impotent. I let him do all this to me. Would I be lying?"

The girl's skin bore angry dark bruises the size of silver dollars.

Buchalter said: "I'm sorry I doubted you." Then he mounted his bicycle and peddled in haste to the flat of Oscar Michaels. Buchalter was stunned by the German girl's news.

He parked the bike behind some shrubbery and gave three short knocks on the door. There was no answer, just heavy silence within the flat. He knocked again. Silence. Buchalter thought worriedly, that's odd. Michaels rarely leaves his place. He knows he shouldn't leave the wireless unattended. Somebody might find it.

The Yank was tempted to play it safe and steal softly down the stairs, for he was uneasy. But the knowledge which Hulda had imparted swelled in his mind; he had to let London know about the plan to shoot down Churchill's plane.

So for the first time Buchalter used the spare key which Oscar Michaels had given him. The door swung open creakily; he saw nobody inside. The flat smelled musty and was in shadows.

He switched on the floor lamp and walked quickly to Michaels' bedroom. Here, under a drooping brass bedstead, was the portable transmitter which the older man used for his periodic messages to London.

"Put your hands up—quickly!"

The American wheeled. Two men in trench coats stood behind the bedroom door. Buchalter realized they must have taken Michaels to Gestapo headquarters or the Abwehr interrogation rooms on the Bendlerstrasse.

It was likely that mobile radio cars, through triangulation, had obtained a fix on the illegal transmitter in Michaels' flat. The crippled man was as good as dead now.

Unarmed George Buchalter took a final desperate chance. He turned and ran. The two Germans stood at the top of the stairwell and pumped bullets into the back of the fleeing American. Buchalter stumbled and choked as the bullets tore through his flesh; he coughed up red froth on the doorstep of the apartment building and died a few minutes later.

He had been unable to get his final message through to England.

At 7:14 p.m. on Monday, June 1, a British Overseas Airways plane, which previously had been allowed to fly unmolested by the Luftwaffe, was shot down at sea on its return flight to London from Algeria. Thirteen passengers and the crew of four lost their lives.

Lamely the Wehrmacht claimed that the ship had been attacked because it was a suspicious transport aircraft. On board were Leslie Howard, the movie star, and Mr. Alfred Chenfalls, a financial expert for the British government. Chenfalls had chubby cheeks, a rotund figure, a bulldog jaw and wore a black bowler hat. He was a man who smoked big black Havana cigars. Friends twitted him about his uncanny resemblance to Prime Minister Churchill.

Once Chenfalls had been roundly cheered by a London crowd outside the Palladium, when he emerged with his wife after taking in the show. A humorist, he had solemnly waved his cigar and had given Churchill's own famous V-for-Victory sign with his fingers.

When he was informed of the plane tragedy, Churchill expressed the belief that Mr. Chenfalls, walking across the North African airfield from the plane, had been observed by Abwehr agents who made the natural mistake of assuming he was Winnie. Churchill himself remained another day in Algeria, and his life was spared.

At first Hitler did his obscene little victory jig when Canaris telephoned Berchtesgaden to announce that the archfoe Churchill was dead. But when the Prime Minister made a fighting speech the next day on the radio—strong and resonant as ever—Hitler's rage knew no bounds. He held Admiral Canaris personally responsible for identifying luckless Alfred Chenfalls as the British wartime leader.

From that day on Canaris was in disfavor with Adolf Hitler. The failure of the Mare Island explosion plot, and the inability of the Abwehr to plant its man in the de Gaulle headquarters in London, also counted heavily against the unhappy admiral.

Canaris, always the opportunist, joined in the 1944 Stauffenberg-Gisevius bomb plot which failed to kill the *Fuehrer*. For his role in this ill-fated assassination attempt, Canaris was imprisoned in the Flossenburg concentration camp and was sentenced to death for high treason by an SS judge on April 3, 1945.

The silent, morose little man who looked like a henpecked bookkeeper died on the gallows two days later, after ordering his extensive collection of pornographic books destroyed and writing farewell notes to his wife and 17-year-old daughter. Even in his final hours the admiral never suspected that a dead GI named Buchalter from California and three lovely but vengeful women had paved the way for his fall from Hitler's grace. THE END

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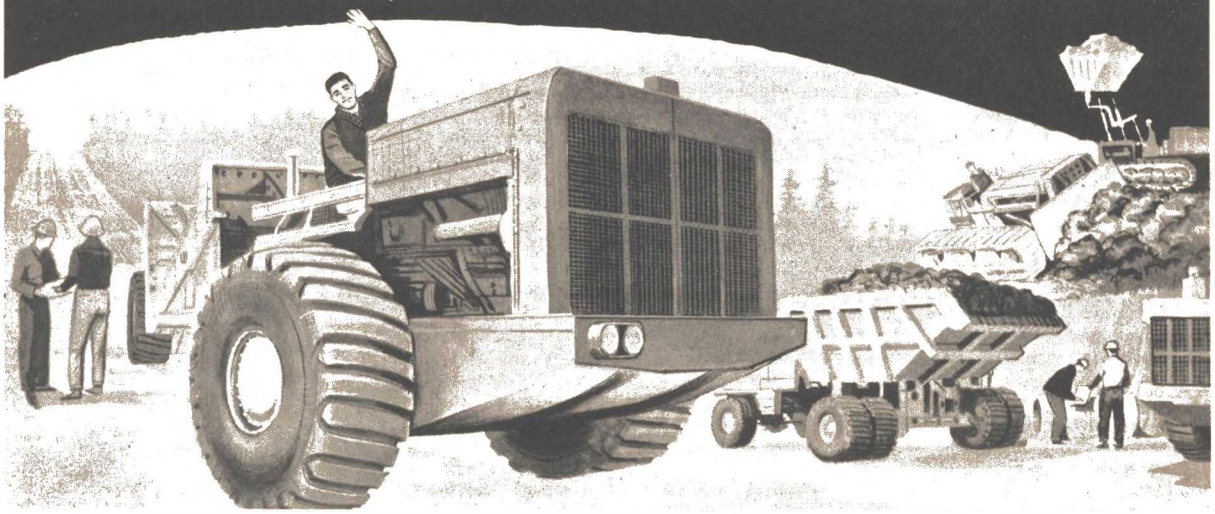

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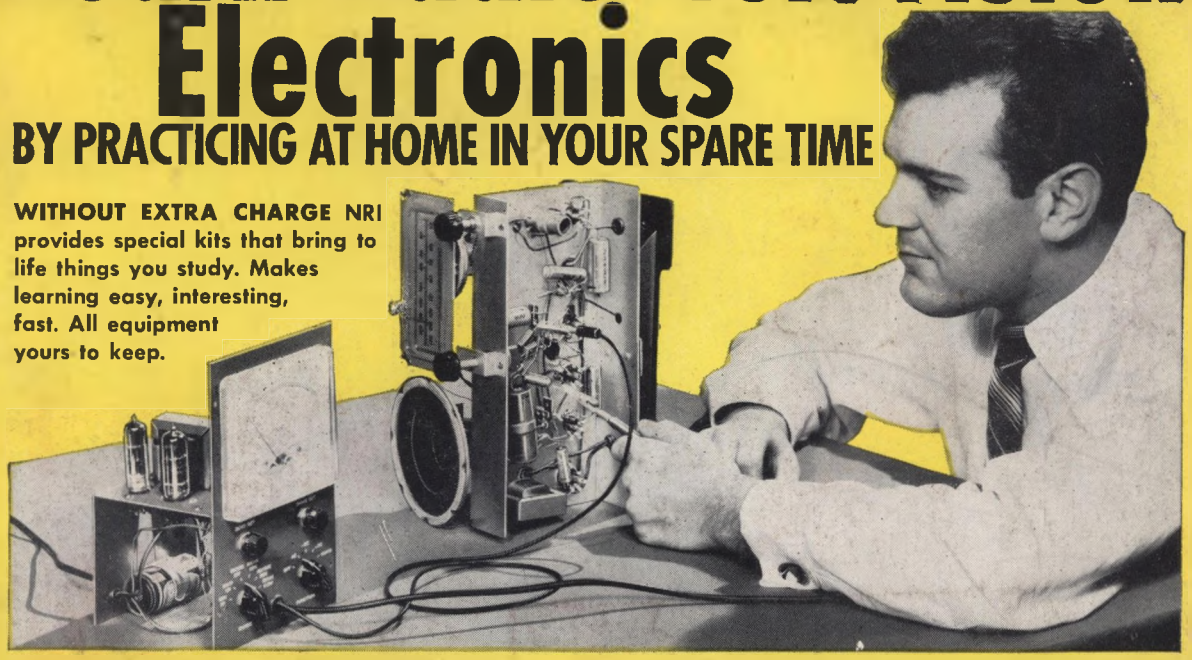

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